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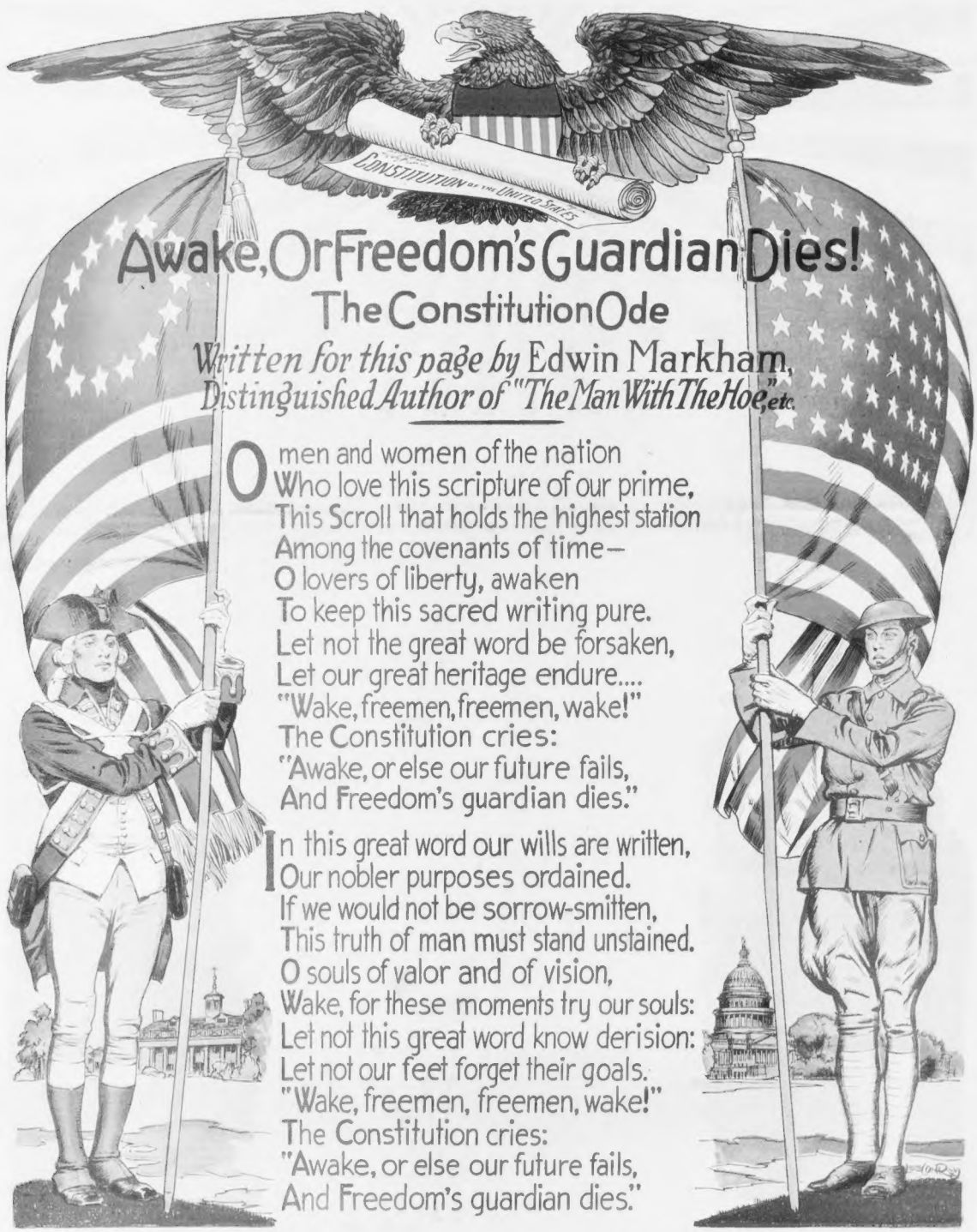


Awake, Or Freedom's Guardian Dies!

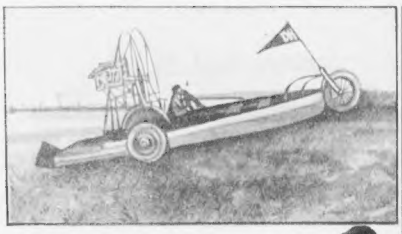
The Constitution Ode

Written for this page by Edwin Markham,
Distinguished Author of "The Man With The Hoe," etc.

O men and women of the nation
Who love this scripture of our prime,
This Scroll that holds the highest station
Among the covenants of time—
O lovers of liberty, awaken
To keep this sacred writing pure.
Let not the great word be forsaken,
Let our great heritage endure....
"Wake, freemen, freemen, wake!"
The Constitution cries:
"Awake, or else our future fails,
And Freedom's guardian dies."

In this great word our wills are written,
Our nobler purposes ordained.
If we would not be sorrow-smitten,
This truth of man must stand unstained.
O souls of valor and of vision,
Wake, for these moments try our souls:
Let not this great word know derision:
Let not our feet forget their goals.
"Wake, freemen, freemen, wake!"
The Constitution cries:
"Awake, or else our future fails,
And Freedom's guardian dies."

Some New Ways of Getting From Here To There



The Galloping Goose, a Mixture of Motorcycle, Boat, Auto and Airplane, Invented and Operated at 55 Miles an Hour by a Brigham, Utah, Genius. It Is Shown Climbing a Hill at 40 Miles an Hour.

No Gas at All Is Needed for This Invention of Z. B. Wiggs, Denton, Texas. The Goats, Running on a Treadmill and Inside a Wheel, Make the Wagon Go.

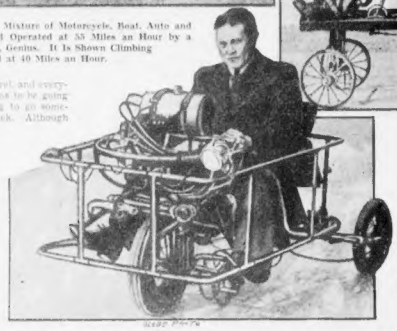
A German Invention Is This Pair of Water Skiis, and If You Want to Get Anywhere on Them, Except in the Drink, You Have to Practice.

THIS is the age of travel, and everybody nowadays seems to be going somewhere, planning to go somewhere or just getting back. Although speed becomes more important every year, it is not the only consideration. Comfort also counts, still another can be seen from the newer methods of locomotion shown in this page. Some people place novelty ahead of both speed and comfort.

But everyone would enjoy having along in the two goat-power "automobile" constructed by Mr. Z. B. Wiggs of Denton, Texas, but its likes it. He really doesn't know how he happened to think of making such a contrivance, except that he had the two goats and didn't know what else to do with them.

The one on top is not serving merely as a decoration. He also works. A close examination of the illustration will reveal that his feet are on the outer rim of the treadmill, and when his legs are in motion he adds his power to that of the goat in the circular cage below.

In his "automobile," Mr. Wiggs can outrun any footracer, and he can even take a man on a bicycle, if there is a good strong wind behind him, but the stronger the wind the less pressure he gets out of this kind of joyriding.



The New French Three-wheel Auto, Which Covers, It Is Said, a Hundred Miles on Half a Gallon of Gas.

Equally as odd in appearance, but more practical, is the "galloping goose," a mixture of motorcycle, boat, automobile and airplane, invented by a Brigham, Utah, genius. This elongated vehicle moves over land at 55 miles an hour, and when it comes to a river or pond, the wheels can be pulled up by a lever, and it will then skim across the water on pontoons. Driven by an airplane propeller and equipped with a set of wings, it can also zip across marshes. It takes an ordinary hill at 40 miles an hour. In water it is steered by a rudder and on land by handlebars like those on a motorcycle. Aside from the fun of skipping around in it, the inventor uses it for duck hunting, and in that respect, he says, it has a boat beat all hollow.

The French, they are a thrifty race, so it is natural that economy should be the main point in the three-wheel midget car constructed by M. Danzin, of Paris. He says his squat little tricycle covers 100 miles on half a gallon of gasoline and runs 30 miles an hour.

Right up to the minute in almost every respect, modern Germans are eager for the rest of the world to recognize what good sports they are—and the jolly fraulein shown in the photograph at the extreme right of the page says anybody has to be a good sport and a rattling good one to get anywhere on these recently invented water skiis.

Several models of buoyant skiis have been devised and tried out during the past few years. Most of them were fashioned of wood and constructed much in the manner of long, narrow boats. The new German skiis, as the picture shows, are made of highly polished metal and seem to have been inspired by torpedoes. Because they are streamlined, it is much more difficult to "walk" on them than on the flat-bottomed or V-bottomed models, but once the trick is mastered the user can travel through the water at a speed of four or five miles an hour.

A few years ago a man named George McLaughlin, living in Bangor, Maine, designed an amphibian auto as remarkable in its way as the "Galloping Goose" that is the talk of Brigham, Utah.

Mr. McLaughlin's machine was less of a freak than the Utah contraption. It looked considerably like a standard automobile as far as its body was concerned, with four regular wheels, a couple of headlights and parking lights over the front fenders. But there the similarity ended. Instead of the engine under the hood in the usual location forward, it had a 70-horsepower airplane motor bolted to its "after deck," and was sent over land and water by a good-sized plane propeller.

On land this hybrid vehicle was capable of 70 miles an hour and it would move half that speed in the water. It was made buoyant by a watertight body and two pontoons cleverly and inconspicuously attached to the underside of the running boards.

It was predicted that the vehicle, or something like it, would work well in that north-central section of the State of Maine which is dotted with hundreds of lakes and streams.

Up to now no land-and-water machine has enjoyed wide popularity, but inventors believe that the day is not far off when some such amphibian auto will be turned out in quantity and at a moderate price.

Bigger the Cat, Greater the Curiosity

CURIOSITY may have killed the cat, but here's an instance in which the big and curious cats might have done some pretty fancy killing themselves, if the occupants of this wrecked automobile had not escaped just in time.

Miss Doris Rae Compton, Wearing 289 Blossoms, Which Make Up a Swim Suit She Wore in a Contest at San Diego.

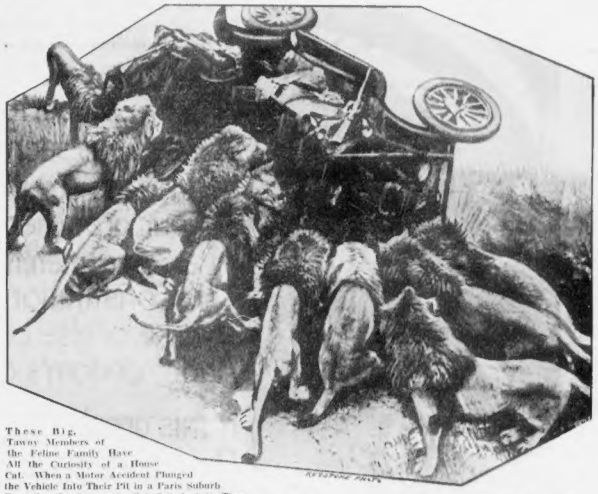
In a zoo, lions usually ignore the spectators who come to gape at them, or else just stare back with disdain. Life in captivity is mighty dull to these lords of the animal kingdom. When it gets so bad they can hardly stand it, they pace back and forth in their enclosures. But most of the time they just loll around, blinking and yawning. Once in a great while they may let out a roar, and then look around with a quizzical expression, as if to ask: "Now, who did that?"

So it was with these ten tawny members of the feline family, until fate tossed a lot of excitement, such as they had never before experienced, right into their pit, on the outskirts of Paris. One moment they were practically bored to death, wondering how on earth they could ever kill the rest of the day, until dinner time. The next, there came a splintering crash, that made them all leap up and wheel around, just as an automobile came hurtling over the barrier, down into their den.

At first they did not know what to make of it, and for a few seconds they stood as still as kittens, attracted for the first time by a moving spool of thread. This battered object, with wheels still turning, was making a hissing, sputtering noise, and sending up puffs of smoke—and it certainly did not look like meat, which was the only thing that really interested these lions.

Somebody outside the den was shouting in great excitement, but the lions paid no attention to that. They had grown tense, all of a sudden—for they had sniffed a familiar and tantalizing odor. Fresh blood—that's what it was. So they started forward, but fortunately they did not cover the distance in a few swift leaps. Caution is a feline trait as well as curiosity, so they stalked forward, and that's how the injured occupants of the vehicle had a chance to drag themselves out of the wreckage, and climb to safety, in the nick of time.

Too late the big cats saw their error, but they enjoyed themselves just the same—crowding around the smashed automobile and inspecting it with much the same idle curiosity of people watching workmen digging an excavation.



These Big, Tawny Members of the Feline Family Have All the Curiosity of a House Cat. When a Motor Accident Plunged the Vehicle Into Their Pit in a Paris Suburb Recently, the Occupants Got Out Just in Time. The Lions, Prompted by an Instinct to Know What Is Going On, Raced to the Scene and Gaped, Just as Most People Do When They See Workmen Excavating for a Building.

The Floral Swim Suit Contest

BATHING suits used to be garments that were worn while in bathing, and in those unimaginative days the ones in which women appeared for their decorous romps in the surf were made with ample lines, out of some stout material woven from cotton or wool. All of them looked much the same, and novelty was considered bad taste. Either black, blue or gray, they covered the body from neck to knee, with ruffles, flounces and tucks. They had to have sleeves, high yoked collars, full bloomer, long skirts and billowing pantaloons. When a woman had her dressmaker make her a bathing suit, she chose a fabric that would wear well through several seasons, and had it cut by a pattern that would assure her protection from the eyes of over-observant men. When she went down to the sea, she wore stockings, too, and if she wanted to get herself talked about, the most daring thing she could do was to wear stockings that were striped.

But little by little, times have changed. The bathing suits that women wear have become scantier and scantier. The less of them there is, and the more curious the material from which they are made, the more fashionable are they considered. The voluminous skirts have vanished, perhaps forever, and so have the sleeves and the stockings. No longer is it important to have a heavy material that will withstand salt water for several seasons, for nowadays the lovely ladies who contribute so much to the popularity of seaside resorts spend little time in the surf, compared to the pleasant hours they devote to sunning themselves or strolling around in their brief and interesting costumes.

Certainly the main idea of the unique swimming suit shown here was neither utility nor protection. It is worn by Miss Doris Rae Compton, a favorite in the recent floral bathing suit contest held at the California International Exposition in San Diego. But it served her purpose well, creating a colorful and distinctive effect, with its 289 separate blossoms.

Instead of "down to the sea in ships," Miss Compton and the other contestants tripped "down to the sea in flowers," forming an attractive parade of pretty girls becomingly attired in California's fairest blossoms.

Long Lives of the Bible Characters Explained

ACCORDING to the Bible Methuselah lived to the ripe old age of 969. Abraham, too, must have seen a good deal of life up to the time he died, aged 175. But there is really no reason to suppose that people in those days lived any longer than healthy people do today. Many students of the Scriptures believe that the long lives recorded in the Bible are due to an addition of the ages of fathers, grandfathers and grandsons whose names were probably the same. This theory has been supported by the discoveries of Sir Leonard Woolley, the distinguished explorer and student of Bible history, who recently left London on an expedition to dig up ruined cities in Syria.

Sir Leonard believes that the mix-up can be explained by the newly discovered history of a Babylonian King named Mes-Anipadda, who ruled even before Abraham's time. The King was supposed to have reigned for 80 years, a statement almost as incredible as Methuselah's age. Monuments and clay tablets have just been found in the ruins of the Babylonian city of Ur of the Chaldees, proving that the 80-year period also included the reigns of son and grandson, each with a similar name.

Critics of the historical accuracy of the Bible do not believe that the writers of the Scriptures deliberately lied about ages, but that they were confused by the likeness of the names and unconsciously added the ages of the three generations together. They had no way of checking up, for they were without such documentary proof as birth or death certificates.

For a long time the ancient Hebrews had no written language of their own, and all of their early records, stories, religious teachings, genealogical accounts and history were handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth—which is one reason that so much of the Scriptures is cast in impressive and beautiful poetic language, since rhythmic phrases are easier to memorize than matter-of-fact prose. In the tabernacles, the leaders would teach the youths who had been chosen to succeed them, and in this way the history of the race was preserved, until it was finally written down. Thus it would be a simple matter for two men who had the same name and had lived centuries earlier to be mistaken for the same man.

It is quite probable, therefore, that there were more than two Abrahams whose ages totaled 175 years. The 969 years of Methuselah are a little harder to explain but there may have been ten or more generations in one family with the same name. After the male line in the family died out, historians, looking back after a period of years, could find only one person with that name and decided that he should be credited with having lived to a remarkably old age.

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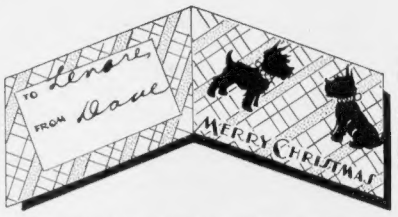
Unhappy Experiences of the "Richest Girl in Wisconsin"

How Her Great Wealth Has Brought Loneliness, Terror, Anxiety and Heartbreak to Florence Yates, a $20,000,000 Heiress

Miss Lenore Miller, Whose Suit Against the "Richest Girl's" Husband Is the Latest of the Troubles Wealth Has Brought the Wisconsin Heiress.



Little Christmas Card Which Miss Miller Asserts Mr. David Scobie Sent Her, Enclosing $200.

Florence Yates, the Heiress (Mrs. David R. Scobie), Who Is Standing by Her Husband Despite the Charges Made by Miss Lenore Miller, the Dancer.

Florence and Her Father When She Was a Child Untroubled by Riches.

Miss Miller Doing a Little Theatrical Stunt on Top of Her Piano.

A Demure and Unstudied Pose of Florence Yates Scobie.

FLORENCE YATES SCOBIE, Wisconsin's "richest girl," was born to enjoy the best of everything, and be one of the happiest most carefree girls in the world. And she has had the best of everything, but always something took the joy out of it, so that she seems to have been one of the unhappiest of all the "poor little rich" girls. Her father, the late Porter B. Yates, left her $20,000,000, but no luck.

Born the only child of a man already worth one or two million and rapidly piling up more, she was already certain to inherit it all, but the very thing that made this certain was one of the things that spoiled it all at the beginning. Her mother died in childbirth.

Most of the problems that worry ordinary people never could enter her life. She was sure of security, and only in old age but all her life. To win this she did not have to work or marry a man able to support her. She did not have to do anything. On the other hand she could afford to marry for love a man who hadn't a cent. If she preferred one of the polished sons of wealth and aristocracy, his money and social position made it easy for her to meet such youths. She could buy a title as easily as the palace to go with it.

A poor girl, no matter how beautiful, usually must go on the stage in order to have such successes. Since she knew Mr. Yates died, her husband had nothing to live for but his baby daughter, and made up his mind to give her more than any other father gave a daughter in the state of Wisconsin, at least. He succeeded in giving her more of everything, except what all those things were for—happiness. He tried too hard.

Stepmothers are not always kindness, he wouldn't marry again. He would not be a mother to her himself because he was too busy rolling up more millions for her, but that was all right. He would hire a whole corps of mothers, each to attend to some part of the mother job, and would tell her every one that was not completed.

So, after baby Florence was old enough to take notice she found herself in the hands of nice, capable nurses, supervised by herself Mr. Yates, gently but firmly. There was only one right thing to do—every case and she had to do it. She had the freedom that an orphan in an asylum, who has plenty of playmates and occasionally a little healthy neglect.

Her nurses were loaned, in turn, by doctors who came periodically whether Florence had a degree of fever or a stomach upset or not. Mr. Yates paid them all well but he told them all that he was buying health for his child and unless she got the best of health he would fire them. He would accept no excuses or alibis. This policy got results in business, and it did in this, too, because the doctors and nurses refused to take any chances. But it seems that a child cannot have any fun without at least some small risks.

Entertaining her child is one of a mother's jobs and the nurses dutifully read to Florence from the books that should be best for her and her father was allowed to buy the most expensive toys, carefully sterilized before her little hands could touch them. But what she cried for was live pets. A gorgeous parrot spoke to her from a store window and her father said to buy it regardless of cost. But the nurses asked the doctors and the safety-first medical men reminded him that it might have the deadly psittacosis parrot's disease.

The nurses were told to keep away from that store when they took the child for an airing, but they could not keep her from seeing cats and dogs. Her father was for satisfying these demands but the doctors reminded him that he had told them there must be no excuses.

The animals might not bring diseases probably they wouldn't, but they could not guarantee that a cat would not be a carrier of diphtheria or the dog of tape worms. And either might bring in some any sort of microbes from hands and breathing tracts of those who had petted it while out of the house. The child was the only thing he had left Mr. Yates decided to take no chance, but after much thought they decided on a safe, live pet.

A massive aquarium, with plate glass almost an inch thick, was installed at great expense in the nursery and filled with most expensive fish that money could buy. Baby Florence took interest in it as soon as she found they would not let her get her hands in—the fish and play with them.

One consolation was a small boy friend, the butler's son, neat, clean and of faultless behavior. He was a little older but at least he was a living plaything she could get her hands on. That friendship came to an end the day one of the doctors noticing that the boy's uvula looked extra fat, found he had the mumps. Though she occasionally had little visitors, he was really never replaced. Tonsils and adenoids came out and under scientific diet and exercise she was healthy, strong but lonely.

School would cure that, but school was put off for a long time because governesses and tutors, though more costly, did not bring measles and whooping cough, and even kept away when they had colds. When finally they decided to take a chance on a very select day school, it was too late. The shy timid little girl might have thawed out and become like the others but for her reception by the other children. The way they stared at her, with round eyes and open mouths, told her that she was some sort of queer and abnormal creature. She heard one of them whisper:

"She's got millions."

Florence thought it was something shameful and dreadful like chicken pox or the mumps which had made her schoolmates act that way. She kept away from them that day, refusing what few advances were made and that evening asked her father if it was true that she had millions.

Mr. Yates confirmed it and said she would have more when she grew up. Up to that time she knew almost nothing about money, because education experts had said it would be best for her not to become money-conscious. She had heard about money, but supposed that if a person had none it was because he had forgotten to bring any with him, like a cap or gloves, just carelessness. Another thing that made the children stare was the fact that she arrived and departed in a $20,000 car with two husky guards, the result of a kidnaping scare in her baby days.

When she was 15, in high school, the man who had worked a small machine shop into a string of factories, manufacturing machinery, died, leaving her an orphan and everything he had, $20,000,000. It was in the hands of cautious trustees and administrators, a new set of safety-first bosses. Under their management the estate actually increased a little, in spite of the depression.

But it paid her no dividends in fun. They saw to it that wherever she went, a husky guard and sharp-eyed chaperone went too. They faithfully kept her out of harm's way, also pleasure's.

She entered college at Beloit, Wis., and a whole year passed before anyone suspected that the rather plump, rather dowdy, little silent person was not a farmer's daughter but the richest girl in the state of Wisconsin. The second year somebody discovered little Miss $20,000,000, and things began to happen. She received a bid from the Delta Gamma Sorority who were willing to take her even if she "had millions."

The guardians said a sorority was a nice idea, and so she accepted. Florence soon brought them other ideas. Up to that time she had never taken her car to college for fear it would make her conspicuous, but now the "sisters" thought it would be useful. Florence, as always, obeyed, but the result was that her chauffeur drove the other Delta Gammas around while she continued to walk. Like everyone else these girls went to work on Florence for her own good, inducing her to buy whole closetful of the smartest clothes. The "poor little rich girl" was unhappy in them, so they graciously let her go back to her dowdy ones and they wore the swell ones for her.

But she mustn't be a hermit and wall flower. She must meet the boys and have dates, begin to live. In her secret heart she knew this was so, and agreed. But most amazingly the boys found her so demure that after a momentary curiosity at seeing $20,000,000 in skirts, they lost interest as quickly as she had turned away from the untouchable fish in the aquarium. That really hurt, and nobody knows how many nights she cried herself to sleep over the disappointment.

All of a sudden, just as she was graduating, strange symptoms appeared, a lightness in her walk, a flushed cheek, a brightness of the eye which should indicate a new joy in living. Her chaperone, Miss Carrie Hankins, explained the mystery with the announcement that she was engaged to marry handsome Dave Scobie, Chicago broker and graduate of University of Pennsylvania. Scobie was 26, Florence 21, when they married in 1931.

This was to be the happiest day of her life. She had come of age, the great fortune was hers, chaperones, doctors, guards and all other bosses retired. She now would be her husband's boss. But all these hopes were in vain because a new set of bosses took charge. At the wedding, uniformed police stood outside, plain-clothes and G Men with bulges on their hips ran things inside, changed the plans of their honeymoon and three armed guards accompanied them all the way. Someone had written a threatening letter demanding $50,000—pay up or take consequences.

More threats have kept the girl in fear and restraint ever since. Then came a new hope of happiness, the prospect of motherhood. Florence wanted above all things to have a large family, but when Diane, now four years old, arrived, the same complications that killed her mother almost killed Florence. But what broke her heart was the doctors' warning that another child would be fatal.

Only one thing in life had not failed her. She still had a handsome, devoted husband, but now a $100,000 heart-balm suit against him threatens even that. Lenore Miller, shapely Chicago dancing teacher and movie actress, is suing in the Miami, Florida, courts, charging that for two years she and Scobie lived as man and wife, while Florence was in Europe. Part of that time she says he led her to believe that he was a rich bachelor. Once he sent her $200 with a Christmas card, she says.

The cruel truth, she asserts, came when she wondered why he wanted to rent a house with 16 rooms and the real estate agent said:

"Because he is a married man with a family."

This caused a separation followed by a reconciliation when, according to her affidavit, Scobie persuaded her that he was soon to get a divorce. When that proved false she brought suit. Miss Miller also asserts that police raided her dancing academy on the charge of immodesty, but the charge was withdrawn. According to her story, things gave her and a friend, Miss Caroline Regal, a beating and a warning of death unless she withdrew the suit.

Scobie denies any wrong-doing and says that when he has his day in court he will make a laughing stock of the whole matter. Miss Miller says she can prove the long list of hotels at which they stayed and that she has a pack of his love letters. The only one of these so far given out, which she alleges he wrote her, is the following:

My dear Lenore:

Your very sweet letter arrived safely and certainly is a great booster for my spirits.

It is just about the usual time of the day when I would call you up, saying it is about time we start the day doing something, and I do miss it all new.

Send me your home address, honey, and I will send you a box of mixed fruit. I've forgotten the exact street number.

I had dinner last week one night at Reid's, that sea food place on Biscayne Blvd., but sat out of doors. All these places carry memories, so you see I do think very very often of you, dear. I wish you were here now.

Lenore, I miss you terribly much, believe me. We shall be always happy.

DAVE.

Florence says she still trusts, and believes her husband will be able to explain everything. But will this last crumb of happiness also be snatched from Wisconsin's "poor little rich girl"?

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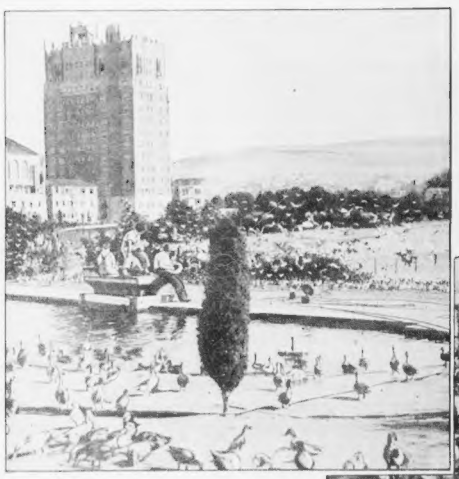
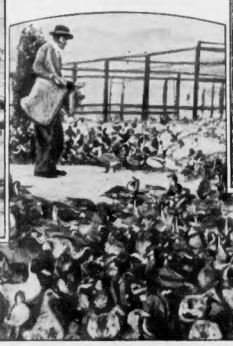
The Only Wild Bird Refuge In the Heart of a Modern City



Left—Fountain, Swimming Pool and Section of Lake Merritt, Oakland, California, Set Aside for Wild Ducks and Geese That Migrate There Every Winter.

Below—Park Inspector Feeding Wild Ducks and Gradually Leading Them Into the Official Banding Station.

Right—These Ducks Have Become Accustomed to the Preserve and Are Tame and Unafraid.



CALIFORNIANS don't talk as much about their climate and the many outdoor advantages of their West Coast commonwealth as persistent rumor says they do. But along with anything they may remark about the sunshine, the blue skies etc. they might well put in many laudatory words for the world-famous bird sanctuary in the heart of Oakland.

As far back as 1909 a portion of Lake Merritt, an estuary-like body of salt water, was a game refuge. But as an entity within the past 20 years that fine lake has become a Winter feeding and resting ground for thousands of ducks and other migrating birds.

The feathered visitors begin to arrive about the middle of August. The Pintail Ducks are the first to fly in great squadrons out of the North and drop down on the surface of the big lake. About a month later the Pintails are joined by Widgeons, Green Teal, Shovelers and Mallards. Early in October the Canvasbacks and the Bluebills—the aristocrats of duckdom—drop down out of the sky to accept the protection and hospitality of Oakland.

The Canvasbacks and Bluebills, while they appreciate the service they get at the Lake Merritt sanctuary are, by nature, exclusive. They don't hobnob with their hosts but live in a small artificial island a few hundred yards from the shore of the lake. The other birds, more democratic in their habits, spend much of their time on the shore where the citizens of Oakland and visitors to the community see the birds close up and even make friends with them.

It costs the Oakland Park Department about $2,000 a year to provide the visitors with their favorite fodder—whole wheat, barley, rice and Egyptian corn. Twice a day attendants row out on the lake in boats and scatter the stuff in the shallow water because the birds prefer to dive for their meals and pick the grain off the bottom.

Breakfast is served at 10 o'clock in the morning and dinner at four in the afternoon. To announce that "chow" is ready an attendant blows a whistle. The birds know that whistle and what it means and they take to the air and fly shoreward. The sky, literally, is black with them, and when they light to dive for the food the surface of the lake is churned white.

Since 1925 the Government has been using the California game refuge as an official banding station, a place where light metal tags are fastened to the legs of some of the birds so that their migrations can be traced.

When tagging time comes around, in December and January, the ducks are fed in a sort of corral until they have acquired a false sense of security. Two doors leading into the enclosure are kept open for several days, so that the birds get the idea that they can go in and out as they choose. Then on "bracelet day," when the corral is full of many kinds of wild fowl, the doors are closed. The birds are trapped and the banding begins. Several hundred birds are thus labeled.

Not One Little Pig Stayed Home

BRITISH youngsters, like American of their years and grade, enjoy the Mother Goose story of the family of pigs that mothers recite as they break the news of their offspring. The one that laughs: "This little pig went to market, etc."

When the photograph reproduced at the right was received by an English magazine, caption writers with a flair for appealing to youthful readers, pointed out that this family of piglets, growing up on a farm in Kent, didn't resolve themselves according to the bedtime jingle. When Mamma Hog, having her brood for a stroll about the farm, heard the call to lunch she started for the trough and not one of the shoats stayed home—all seventeen of them, trailed along behind their mother.

Incidentally, it will be a long time before some of these fat and snub-nosed porkers wind up in the butcher-shop, because they are thoroughbreds and will take their share of cups and ribbons at many a county fair.

Will Style Come to This?

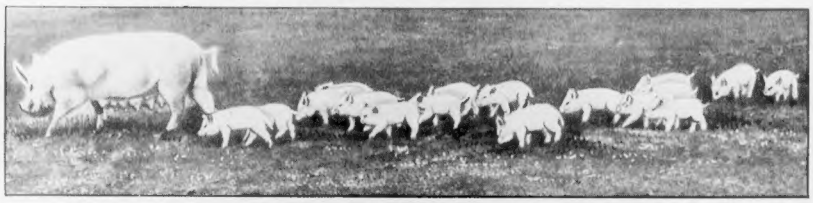
CIVILIZED women have, during the past few years, borrowed many a vogue from their more primitive sisters. In Paris there was a short-lived vogue for wigs patterned after the strange coiffures of the tribal belles in Africa. One of the most popular of present-day bathing suits styles was borrowed from the languorous South Seas. But it remained for Miss Hilda Locust, of Newark, N. J., to appropriate the nose ring, a bit of ornamentation that, up to now, has belonged with certain savage tribes and one or two countries of the Orient.

Style experts are skeptical about the nose ring as a fad for American and European women. They say that, while it attracts attention, it detracts from facial beauty. That is reason enough for the gadget's doom as an accessory for the maids and matrons of Paris, London and New York.

Maybe it is just idle talk, but one of the recommendations for the light-weight metal circles which can be embellished with precious stones is that they discourage overly ardent males from attempting to kiss the wearer. Experts in the matter of feminine psychology—being a bit sarcastic, perhaps—say that this feature, in itself, is enough to keep the fad from popularity.

A Newark, N. J., Style Pioneer Wearing What Threatens to Become a Vogue, Though Jungle Ladies Thought of It Long Ago. The Idea Is First, Adornment, and Then to Provide an Obstacle to Kissing. With the Notion of Making a Kiss More Desirable, Perhaps.

A Clay Horseman Dug Out of Ancient Egyptian Ruins, Not Startlingly Different From the Tin Soldier of Today.



An Amusing Lunch Time Scene on a Kentish Farm, Photographed by a London Journalistic Itinerant, Who Labeled It, "And Not One Little Piggle Stayed Home."

Little Difference in Toys of Today and 3000 Years Ago

THIRTY centuries ago the swarthy youngsters of Egypt were playing with toys as amusing in their way as playthings are today. Of course, the sons and daughters of the subjects of the Pharaohs didn't have shiny red automobiles and miniature airplanes, because such things were not invented that far back in the history of civilization. But they had jointed dolls—like the one shown among the photographs at the left—and figures riding on the backs of horses, and, whimsically enough, ducks.

Most of these interesting objects, now on view in the world-famous British Museum, were fashioned of clay and brightly painted to add to their appeal to the young mind. The toys illustrated were dug from the ruins of an Egyptian house and date back to 400 B. C.

Not long ago Prof. Jean Capart, director of the Royal Museum in Brussels and one of the world's ablest Egyptologists, arrived in this country with ancient proof that the boys and girls of Egypt had a lot of fun playing with toys and looking at picture books.

These "books" were not, of course, run off on printing presses and they did not have pages and covers like the picture books of the present. But they were remarkable and showed that the artists and jingle writers of 3,000 years and more ago knew how to make life pleasanter for the younger generation.

For example, the little Egyptians laughed at a character that might have been the great-great-great-great grandfather of Mickey Mouse. Several flakes of limestone have been dug from the ruins of homes and taken from tombs on which this character is painted with colors which are almost as bright today as when they were put on.

By what name this likeable rodent went no one knows; but he was a friendly mouse, with his big ears and a long, thin tail. It is supposed that he was more or less popular among the youngsters in the Valley of the Nile and that many stories were built around him.

One of the toys shown on this page is a sort of ancient "tin" soldier, even though it is fashioned of clay. The figure is seated on a stout charger and carries a shield in its left hand. It is deduced that such figurines were popular then, as they are today, and that the fortunate youngsters of well-to-do parents had whole armies with which to fight battles on the nursery floor. Then, as now, the boys were brought up in the masculine tradition of war, and the girls, with their dolls, were prepared for homemaking and the raising of children.

In his researches, Prof. Capart found several other diary books which were built around animal characters. Drawings on stone and on papyrus showed cats and foxes and birds living in the manner of human beings. "These relics," says the Egyptologist, "show, beyond the slightest doubt, that the Egyptian boys and girls of 3,000 years ago and more had their equivalent of the Mother Goose stories that so delight children nowadays."

As Professor Capart has suggested, it is almost impossible to trace the origin of many nursery characters. Some of them still popular in this age had prototypes in ancient civilizations, where they played important roles in juvenile art and effigy. Crude objects found in the African jungles might, without any wild stretch of the imagination, fit into the characters of Mother Goose and Jack the Giant Killer. Recently an Egyptian mural revealed that the Pharaohs' subjects had their version of Mickey Mouse.

It was the custom, when the young child of a well-to-do Egyptian died, to put the favorite playthings in the tomb close by its mummy case. The Egyptians believed that the spirit of the child left its body and found amusement in the toys.

The curators of the British Museum prize the jointed doll beyond all the other ancient playthings that they have on display among their mummies, carved mummy cases, vases and pieces of sculpture. This object, they believe, is the oldest thing of its kind ever brought to light.

Among the relics taken from the ashes of Athens and Rome are several toys which show, as those Egyptian objects do, that the business of make-believe is as old as civilization. Archeologists are of the opinion that the hairy chested cavemen who long preceded the Egyptians, the Greeks and the Romans, made playthings for their less-favored, but imaginative youngsters, too.

Another Military Toy From the Egyptian Debris. It Might Have Been the Favorite Plaything of a Royal Princeling.

Sectional Doll, Now in the British Museum, After Discovery by Archeologists in Egypt.

This Might Even Be the Mother Goose of Egypt. At Any Rate, It Remains One of the Nursery Characters of Modern Times.

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Poiret, Once Paris King of Fashion, Now a Bartender

Regine, His Famous Mannequin in the Days of His Glory, Opens Up a Restaurant, Plucks Her Old Boss Out of Poverty, and Gives Him a Job

PARIS, Sept. 11.

FORTUNE'S wheel turns round inexorably.

M. Paul Poiret, once hailed as The Magnificent, The King of Dress, The Prince of Fashion, and reputed to have been the richest dressmaker of the capital, has become a barkeeper, while one of his ex-mannequins, aged 20, a pretty common girl named Regine, has risen to be proprietress of an elegant bar, where she hires the 42-year-old, determined style-dictator to decorate the barroom, polish out drinks, rinse bottles and polish glassware.

Poiret's debacle is said to be principally due to his pride and to his use of extravagance to his endeavors for occupying himself with many fantastical projects. His dress-making affairs drifted into and confusion, and two years ago he found himself [illegible] down—and out and forced to live on the chic. The luminary Poiret, about which the fashion universe revolved, proved to be only a spent rocket.

Nothing is sadder than to have severe felicity and lost it, says the old Italian maxim. Expelled from his lodgings in the Faubourg St. Honore for non-payment of rent, the former celebrity and splendiferous man discovered that one of life's to be more bitter than ashes. Haggard, coatless and unbarbered, he often slipped down side streets to escape the importunities of creditors. Once, near the hangs (eye sores) he stopped lacrimosity-ing his misfortune to a waiting caddy in top-hat, satin cape and mink-while linen, twirling a gold-headed cane, and strolling the Elysian mutinous of his crawat with painfully gem-hard hands.

So it was when Regine encountered her old employer recently. She was shocked, and taking pity on him, offered him the job of looking after the bar at the "Bar Corse" she had just opened at No. 4, Place du Theatre-Francais. As the time for vanity had passed, Poiret accepted. Regine gave him money to purchase a new suit and he did so.

Poiret later showed his gratitude by painting the walls of her establishment with Corsican scenes, for he knows how to wax—when he will as well as chairs. The artist-barman then presented his ex-mannequin to further adorn the cash with intimate souvenirs such as daggers and stilettoes, and with a Corsican bride's bouquet. The [illegible] transformed, as a gypsy bearing the disquieting legend, Vendetta Forst. One is on hand as another [illegible] vendetta. May no enemy be woman.

As Regine's cafe is patronized, departed in the day, tips are scarce. But business picks up at night, thanks to the patronage of nocturnal revelers. After midnight other painted ladies frequent the place, actresses from the Comedie-Francaise, chiefly, a pay-house popularly known as the "national harem." In the past some of these used to pay Poiret to make them dresses. Now they drop in to chat over liqueurs with their quondam dressmaker or to get his opinion of their latest toilettes.

Marie Vetters, who recently carried on the vaudeville affairs of Mlle. Beaudet in a regular customer, while Mary Marquet sends herself off here with new champagne after playing the role of "Sapho." The Corsican lover, Theodore Reggi, known as "Le Roi de Sartene," [illegible] with liquors of his native land, to flirt with Regine, and to see if his phiz still hangs conspicuously on the bar-mirror.

The clientele also includes stage beauties from the nearby Palais-Royal—Edmonde Guy is a customer. Theaplans from some of the small boulevard showhouses and Corsican gangsters from Montmartre.

Poiret has renewed acquaintance with many of his old-time patrons, but Mistinguett refuses to visit the bar. She has never forgiven him for calling her a wrinkled old mummy in his book of memoirs. Moreover, prices are gilt-edged here (rarely as high as those of ordinary cafes), and this alone would scare Mistinguett, whose thriftiness is proverbial.

The former fashion king Poiret began his career by vending umbrellas, but they kept the sun of prosperity from shining on him, and so he went to the Beaux-Arts, determined to be an artist. After sloshing innumerable canvases and failing to gain the Prix de Rome, Paul quit the art school in disgust and earned a living making dress-designs for Doucet, Worth and Drecoll, a training which helped him later to create marvelous costumes.

Before he was 30, Poiret had opened up a fashion emporium of his own, among one of his first clients was the actress Rejane, so cruelly caricatured by Sem. Soon afterwards he made style history by originating the so-called "minaret" gowns.

Poiret's banner year was 1912, the "annus mirabilis" when he staged the famous Bullard pageant at which his guests, 500 in number, drank up 500 bottles of champagne served them by 20 waiters in embroidered liveries. Then life was sweet as a sugar-plum. His table was loaded with sumptuous feasts, his cellar contained the costliest wines. This arbiter of "taste" was a member of a society of gluttons—the celebrated "Club des Cents"—and thought nothing of paying 300 francs, then about $55, for a bottle of wine, as he proudly informs readers of his memoirs. "I drink my worries," is what he told friends.

This demigod lived in grand style, possessing autos, yachts, chateaux, hotels particuliers, riding schools. He puffed away at 18-franc Havana cigars (he smokes a pipe now), directed the Casaa Theatre, hobnobbed with nobility, paid court to popular dancers, such as Isadora Duncan, strutted Sultan-like among his mannequins, organized blowouts rivaling those of Boni de Castellane.

Well pleased with himself, Poiret set himself up as the dictator of Paris fashion and smartness, claiming to be the champion of French style. Some people laughed at him, but that did not prevent his success. Those who say that in Paris ridicule kills do not know Paris. So far from dying from it, there are people who live on it. In Paris ridicule looks is everything, even to fame and wealth.

Drunk with his good fortune, Poiret made a triumphal tour of the United States, and there scornfully refused the offer of $16,000 from a merchant who wished to use Poiret's name in his advertisements. After poking fun at the "barbarous" manners and customs of the country, where the fairest part of the population braved ridicule by wearing his creations, he returned to Paris, and guarded life from monotony by the daring of his whims.

Later he journeyed to Morocco, visiting El Glaoui, the notorious Pasha and tyrant of Marrakech. Here he took his ease squatting on cushions, sipping mint-tea, smoking snake-stemmed narghilehs. He hunted gazelles, and bought a beautiful slave-girl, "Fathma," whom he brought back to Paris, installing her in his luxurious suite of apartments on the Boulevard Suchet—to the great jealousy of Paulette, Yvonne, Simone, Andree, Yvette, Regine and his other mannequins.

But the times of jollity and glad indulgence are over. After the war, Paul Poiret was forgotten. Paris is the grave of reputations.

Poiret belonged to the pre-war Paris of pomp and display, an epoch that is dead ten times over with its style of living, of dress, of thought, of sentiment, of speech.

Extravagance was the chief cause of Poiret's ruin, though he blames the crisis for his misfortune, and M. Albert Oustric, convicted financier, for having swindled him out of a million. Once accustomed to dwell in palatial abodes, Poiret lived, in 1926, in a cheap apartment, up seven flights of stairs, at No. 252, Faubourg St. Honore. The place was cluttered with sagging divans, dust-covered "objets d'art," mirrors dim with age, moth-eaten tapestries, pictures festooned with spider-webs, a profusion of faded cushions, and piles of odd engravings nibbled by mice—all that remained from the wreck of his fortune.

When not munching the Dead Sea apple of disappointment, puttering around with paint-brushes painting futuristic portraits and flower-pieces which nobody bought, or, sunk in an arm-chair, engaged in reliving the past, Poiret passed his time peering through a battered telescope he had installed on the balcony of his lodging. Like Louis XVI, who used royally to divert himself by gazing on his subjects with a telescope from the palace-roof at Versailles, Poiret watched the doings of the people in the street. But in general he preferred to study the stars. Having played the role of "Prophet of the Mode," he tried to pose as a star-expounder, but with small success, due to the preposterousness of his prognostications.

Lucretius speaks of the pleasure with which a wise man looks down from the towers of serene learning upon the confused and erratic state of the world moving below him. Poiret is not a sage, exactly, yet he loved to lean over the balcony-railing and rail at the city of his birth—and at all the people in it. Convinced the present period is most contemptible, Poiret modestly compared himself to a giant living among dwarfs. He declared the age is one of economists and calculators, and mourned, in the best Edmund Burke style, the "unbought grace of life" of Paris, in 1912, when fashionable women wore clothes bearing the Poiret trade-mark and knew nothing of market coupons.

As an unemployed "artist," he received 10 francs dole from the government. Twice a week he presented himself, "in forma pauperis," at the Mairie of the Ninth Arrondissement, at No. 6, Rue Drouot, to pocket this pittance. Once on leaving the building, he tried to touch the heart of a general—a so-called friend of his—by telling him of his wretched plight. But the military functionary failed to melt at the tale, replying curtly that there were altogether too many unemployed in Paris, and that it would cost the government less if the jobless were put in the army.

For about two years poor Poiret seldom had the price of a square meal, or a round of drinks, and he was compelled to frequent the Cercle Villon, at Montparnasse, and the Cercle Rosanti, in Montmartre—two government canteens where artists and "intellectuals" without work are given dirty bread, soup and sickly wine at three francs a head, providing they present a mine-card. One can readily imagine that M. Poiret, who once gave regal banquets to "Tout-Paris" on board his three pinnaces in the Seine—the "Amours," "Delices" and "Orgues"—was not much impressed by the menus at the Rosanti and Villon circles, and was jubilant whenever some old-time friend invited him to sup at a first-class restaurant.

On being ejected from his Faubourg St. Honore flat, Poiret tried various expedients to gain a livelihood. First, he took the part of a shoemaker in a film, entitled "Panurge," but the picture was a fiasco and he decided he was not born to be a screen actor. Then at the Chalet Normand Restaurant, in the Bois de Boulogne, he earned a few francs each night by reciting some of the fables of La Fontaine to the guests, being careful to omit the one about the improvident grasshopper that sang all Summer without laying up any store of food for the Winter. He also recited the fables for a phonograph company specializing in classic records. Next, Poiret wrote a cook-book, while he was living on bread and soup like a pauper, describing with gusto how to prepare capons and partridges—recipes that would have made any gourmet's mouth water.

Some tender-hearted souls, touched at his fallen greatness, organized a charity ball at the Ambassadeurs Cabaret, for the former ambassador of style, but bad weather spoiled the fete and the receipts were meagre. One of Poiret's best friends even landed a contract for him to design costumes for a film company at Hollywood. A round-trip ticket from Paris to Hollywood accompanied the contract. Unfortunately, he had left no address after being thrown out of his flat, and as he could not be found the contract was cancelled.

Poiret at last turned up from nobody knows where, with a project to sell his creations in Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco, saying he would trudge from town to town carrying along with him samples of his robes. The scheme fell through, like his next one, which was to appear before the footlights in a sketch modeled after the "Cocyarie Express," by Alphonse Bourg, that lately scored a hit at the Alhambra Theatre.

When his ex-mannequin, Mlle. Regine, ran across him in the street, took compassion on him, and induced him to become a bartender in her Corsican sanctuary of thirst, Poiret was on his way to see an agent with the idea of selling the famous Poiret name to advertise a cheap dress costing about five dollars.

The ex-monarch of the mode still continues to draw on the treasury of illusions. After the day's work is done, the last customer served and the glasses washed, he retires to a bedroom of Regine's bar, where he maps out plans for the Future Life. Some directors of the 1937 Paris Exposition will use them for one of their exhibits.

The French journal, Aux Ecoutes, has this to say recently, rather cruelly:

"Perhaps at last Paul Poiret has discovered his true calling.

"King of Style in a vanished era, host at Paris' most sumptuous parties, man of letters, poet, painter and one of the most notorious playboys in French society, Poiret may now be found behind the bar in a little cafe near the Comedie-Francaise.

"One of the former models owns the place and the ex-King of Fashion helps her receive her patrons. For his old friends Poiret does not disdain to shake up one of his famous cocktails with his own hands, hands that once ruled over the fickle hearts of women as a mighty monarch rules over his people."

As the German poet Heine once exclaimed:

"This topsy-turvy world!"

Poiret, With Regine on the Balcony of His Apartments, From Which He Was a Little Later Expelled for Non-Payment of Rent.

In the Days When Poiret Was the World's Greatest Dressmaker and Regine His Most Beautiful and Popular Model.

Card of Regine Announcing That Poiret, Who Used to Design the Dresses of Fashionable Society, Popular Demi-Mondaines, and So on, Has Decorated Her Bar.

Poiret Shaking Up a Cocktail at His Former Model Regine's Bar.

Entrance to Regine's "Bar Corse," or Corsican Bar, Where the Former Fashion King Now Mixes Drinks for People Who, Years Ago, Beseeched Him to Make Their Dresses.

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Bequeathed A Monument To "The Disappointed"

THE NOBLEST monument in the local cemetery of the historic town of Manassas, Virginia, marks the last resting place of no one and shortly it seems that a new and even greater memorial will be erected there to everybody.

The beautiful granite grave-stone dedicated to "The Jeffriesess of Highlands, Fauquier County, Virginia," does not mark the last resting place of the J. L. Jeffries, whose name appears most prominently on the stone, and certainly a monument to "those who have been disappointed and have suffered in this life" includes most everybody.

So unusual were the terms of the will of the late John Lillian Jeffries, probated recently at Warrenton Courthouse, that national publicity was given to the circumstance and while historic Manassas was seeking publicity for its celebration this Summer of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the great Confederate victory known as the First Battle of Manassas, or Bull Run, they found that a kindly and inoffensive old gentleman had advertised them more widely than they had been known since the debris of the two great Civil War battles of Manassas had been cleared away.

Mr. Jeffries, with plenty of money at his disposal, went to Manassas some eight years ago to negotiate for the purchase of burial space in the cemetery which adjoins the quiet little town. Probably he had noted the conspicuous location of the burial ground while riding through the community on the railway which passes very near the spot.

At any rate he purchased lots nearest to the railroad, presumably for the final resting place of himself and family. Later, however, he became convinced that the better location was on the side of the state Highway where countless motorists now pass by and note at the very entrance of the cemetery the granite stone, weighing some ten tons, carrying the name of J. L. Jeffries, and dedicated to his family.

Many incidents are recalled concerning the kindly old gentleman during the months that he supervised the erection of this memorial. The workmen struck the underlying "Triassic" sandstone only before the depth he had indicated

Mr. Jeffries Superintended the Setting of the Big Monument Himself, and Even the Workmen Thought It Was to Mark the Old Man's Last Resting Place. They Didn't Suspect It Was to Be a Memorial to "the Disappointed."

for excavation had been reached, but he insisted that the solid rock be cut away to make room for the cement foundation. The finest lumber was selected for the cement mold. A long enclosing curb was built in sections, and after each section was completed the workmen were required to take the forming lumber home and use new material for the next section, when one set of forms would have done for the whole job. And frequently he would insist that the workmen come out of the hot sun and enjoy themselves in the shade.

When he visited Manassas it is recalled that he always insisted upon being the host, and would entertain his friends at the town hotel instead of enjoying their hospitality in private homes.

No one in the memory of any local citizen has ever paid so much attention to the preparation of a marker to memorialize his last resting place. At least the placing of his name upon the stone was taken as evidence of such attention. Yet curiously enough, after the elaborate provisions made at considerable expense over a period of several years, Jeffries is said to have provided that at his decease, his ashes should be scattered to the winds. This was done, and today the finest monolith in the historic old cemetery marks the resting place of no one at all.

The unique provision of the will of the late John Lillian Jeffries occasioned no surprise among his close friends. He had long ago confided to them his plan to do this very thing, and since his estate is said to be large, it is widely believed among these friends that the plan for another monument to "those who have been disappointed" will be carried out.

If this additional monument raised to that vast army of people who haven't found what they wanted in life is erected, it probably will be a more ambitious stone than the one already in place, and attract even more curious spectators than the oddity that is adding to the fame of Manassas, where thousands of soldiers were tragically "disappointed" in two of the bitterest battles of the Civil War.

It is true that some opposition has been voiced by members of the local Ministerial Association, who object to "frivolous memorials" as disrespectful to the grievous dead who lie so peacefully there, but the present monument, which marks the resting place of no one is admittedly an ornament to the grounds—simple and gigantic, granite, weighing some ten tons and beautiful in its pure contour.

Friends who respect the memory of the old gentleman are reticent concerning the motive for such a memorial. Was he unhappy? Had he suffered some grievous disappointment which caused him to brood until his reaction was the determination to memorialize all who had likewise suffered? His friends say that this is unquestionably true. His widow and a son survive and they will not explain if he was unhappy in his married life. It is true that he was the father of two children, one who curiously enough lies buried in an unmarked grave in this same Manassas cemetery, and he seems to have lived a normal family life, but nevertheless well informed friends insist that he was unhappy over something which inspired the making of this one and only provision contained in his last will and testament that the sum of ten thousand dollars be set aside for the erection in the Manassas cemetery of a ten-foot monument, "to the memory of those who have been disappointed and suffered in this life."

Science Finds Why Children Laugh And Cry

WHEN baby sits on the floor of the nursery and howls or gurgles joyfully it is usually trying to say something, it is now believed. The young child who has not yet learned to speak is forced to use the most primitive forms of communication—laughing and crying—according to Dr. Catherine W. Brackt of the Child Development Institute of Columbia University in her recent book, "Laughing and Crying of Pre-school Children."

Little boys cry just as much as little girls, although both seem to be quite contented with their lot in life for they spend on an average of only five minutes a day in tears. The child who cries least and smiles the most is truly fortunate for he or she will become a social being and will get along well in later life with others. But most babies are rather sober in their philosophic pursuit of life and spend only 96 minutes a day laughing, smiling or just "goo-gooing." All this has been carefully measured.

The old saying that people are born with a sense of humor may be more or less true, for some of the children which Dr. Brackett tested did not respond as well as others. In order to provoke laughter the examiners would "chirrup," play "Peek-a-boo" or tickle the children. Sometimes the apparatus for the test would be a "jack-in-the- box" or a musical toy.

In most of the tests a child used laughter as a direct means of contact with his associates. A child's experience is naturally too limited to permit it to understand the complex situations at which grown-ups laugh. On the other hand some instinct or inherited trait makes a child recognize the absurdity of some comic situation to which he feels he must respond. Therefore, he laughs.

The Youngsters Were Watched Constantly During Their Waking Hours. One Unseen Observer Relieved Another in Gathering the Interesting Data About the Habits, Reactions and Behavior of Boys and Girls Too Young to Go to School.

Most of the children liked an audience when they laughed, which they did more readily when they could share their pleasure with their companions. The children who laughed the most liked to play with the other more jolly members of the group, while the more serious ones played alone or in groups of two or three.

In one of the groups of slightly older children there was a closely knit "gang" of one girl and three boys. When one of these laughed the rest usually joined in.

Crying, in the same way, was found to be largely social. When one member of the group cried the others were apt to join in on the chorus. It seemed to be more of a group resentment against the actions of others rather than because of pain or fear in each individual member.

Of course, the difficult part of testing very young children for this kind of reaction is to watch them carefully. A nursery was established at the Institute so that a child's play and routine activity could be closely observed.

When the weather permitted the children played for two hours in the morning on a spacious roof or in a garden near by. When the weather was cold or rainy a large playroom was used. In making the tests even the daily temperatures were taken into consideration. When it was cold the children cried more; when it was warmer they laughed more. This, Dr. Brackett points out, is not conclusive, for laughing and crying may be affected by dampness in the air rather than by heat or cold. The differences in temperature were slight in any case since the Institute kept them well regulated to safeguard the youngster's health.

All the children were observed directly. In other words the observer placed herself where she had a clear view of a section of the playground on which she focussed her attention for periods of ten minutes each. She was then relieved by other observers.

Physical contacts were carefully noted. For example, two children might be pulling at either end of a toy or playing in the same sand box. This might cause a response not connected with the test. In other words if the toy were intended to make a child laugh and another child came along and pulled the toy away, thereby spoiling the other's fun, this was counted as a "physical contact" and the test was begun over again.

Most of the children cried less when their favorite "cronies" were around. They preferred to drown their sorrows in solitude. As they grew older they cried less and less showing an awareness of social situations in which crying is not an acceptable form of behavior.

The stricter the regulations about routine duties, such as eating, sleeping and dressing, the more satisfied the children seemed. On the other hand their periods of free play led to marked emotional states, indicated by the frequency of laughing and crying.

If boys will be boys then they should let the girls alone, according to Dr. Brackett's figures which show that girls cry more when they are associated with boys. When the girls played by themselves things went smoothly along. Even the boys seemed to resent the more masterful activities of some members of their own sex, for they cried more often when their brothers were around.

Their reactions to all the tests were "loud, unmistakable and immediate," whether laughing or crying. The figures proved that there was a high degree of relationship between language and laughing. The more language a child knew the better he could understand situations and recognize their comic aspects.

In spite of the general applications of these statements Dr. Brackett found that the children showed wide differences as individuals and handled each test in their own way. There seemed to be no indication that intelligence, as rated by psychological tests, has anything to do with these emotional states. In fact the emotional states were usually so characteristic of the type of child that was tested that to a certain extent the child's future personality could be detected.

Fortunately, the young optimists would laugh after falling headlong; the pessimists would wail loudly and demand attention. The optimists would have a jolly time without toys, while the pessimists would have to be coaxed to play with the most amusing toys.

Oddly enough, characteristics of a child's behavior seemed to remain the same for a period of one year. Then they would change. The child would cry less and laugh more. Just why the figures should be the same for a certain period is not known but the circumstances may be likened to an animal shedding its coat of fur once a year.

Sex seemed to make no difference in early childhood in the frequency of laughing and crying, for the boys responded to the tests in the same way as the girls. In the separate age groups, however, boys and girls laughed more often with members of their own sex. This behavior, as far as could be determined, was the same even while the children were busy with the more routine activities of bathing, eating and dressing.

The situations in which the children were involved were all relatively simple. With the younger children reactions to musical toys and games with the examiners constituted the tests. The older children played in small groups on sand piles or see-saws.

Insofar as the accuracy of the tests is concerned it would be difficult to tell what influence the atmosphere of a nursery school would have on a child as compared with that of the home. But the purpose of Dr. Brackett's study was to develop a method of recording the laughing and crying of young children, not of school age, and to find just how consistent this behavior was. In doing this Dr. Brackett arrived at the interesting conclusion that since laughing and crying are used by the child as a method of communication these states are predominantly social and indicate in a small measure the way that these "future citizens" will respond to the more complex situations of later life.

The Inky Wriggle That Cost A Woman's Life

WHEN a doctor writes a prescription he uses a set of symbols which druggists and nurses are supposed to understand at a glance but which are generally meaningless to the layman. This system was worked out many years ago, and some people think physicians cling to it as a part of the mystery with which they like to surround their profession, in the belief that the way to get the best results is to keep the patient in ignorance of what is really wrong with him and what is being done for him. On the other hand, it has been argued that as long as all doctors, druggists and nurses learn one common method of abbreviating the names and amounts of drugs there is less likelihood of error.

But whether this is a good system, or an antiquated one, it still seems to be open to occasional errors as demonstrated by a tragic mistake that was made recently by two nurses in the Weymouth District Hospital, in England.

A doctor wrote a prescription for Mrs. Norman Strangways-Lesmere, indicating with the customary symbol that she was to be given a certain number of drams of this medicine. Mistaking the dram sign for the ounce sign, the two nurses, Miss Ada Miles and Miss Olive Chapman, gave the patient an overdose, which caused her death a few hours later. But the fact that the patient died is not surprising, since an ounce is 480 grains, or eight times as much as a dram, which is 60 grains. Thus the nurses had given the patient eight times as much medicine as the doctor ordered.

But how could anyone who had received the professional training of a nurse make such an error? There is, of course, a certain similarity between the symbols for a dram and an ounce, as shown in the accompanying illustration. A dram is indicated by a symbol not unlike the figure 3, and an ounce by a similar symbol with an extra zig-zag at the top. If the symbols are drawn clearly, the distinction is evident enough. But if they happen to be written in the hurried and careless manner in which so many people write, it is not difficult to understand how a person who did not examine them closely might be misled.

At least, the ounce symbol might be mistaken for a

The Dram Is Indicated by a Character Which Looks Very Much Like the Figure 3, and the Ounce by a Similar Character With an Extra Curlicue at the Top. When Two Nurses Mistook One for the Other, Their Patient Died.

dram symbol, if the extra zig-zag at the top was not distinct. In that case, however, the consequences would not ordinarily be so serious, since a nurse who made such a mistake would be giving less than was ordered instead of more. But how could any nurse look at the dram symbol, which is the simpler of the two, and imagine that it had the additional twist at the top, when no such mark was there?

That was a question which no one could answer, least of all Miss Miles and Miss Chapman. So they promptly resigned from the hospital, and it now seems that their professional careers may have been ruined. In addition to that, they were sued by the husband, who also brought suit against the hospital authorities. When the case came up for trial, the judge decided that the hospital authorities were in no way responsible. Finding the nurses "guilty of negligence" for misreading the symbols, he ordered them to pay the husband the equivalent of $500 damages.

Not long ago three new-born babies died in New York Hospital, in New York City, as the result of an error that was attributed to an assistant head nurse in the children's ward. These young babies were suffering from a lack of water in their blood, and a doctor ordered that they be given saline solutions.

It was not one of the assistant head nurse's duties to prepare such solutions, but on that particular day the nurse who ordinarily did this was busy with other duties. So the young woman undertook to carry out the doctor's order.

According to the story which she is said to have told at the office of District Attorney William Copeland Dodge, the nurse went to a cabinet where saline solutions were kept. The door, she said, would not open completely because there was something in the way. So she reached through the narrow opening and took out a bottle which she believed contained saline solution.

As explained by the district attorney, she was apparently so sure of this that she did not read the label, but proceeded to prepare hypodermics from the contents, after first washing off the outside of the bottle at a sink.

Several hours after the hypodermics had been injected the nurse noticed that the three babies seemed to be very ill, with peculiar symptoms. After calling a doctor, she ran to the sink where the bottle had been cleaned. There she is said to have found a label which had apparently been washed from the bottle and which indicated that it had contained a two per cent solution of boric acid. When injected into the blood of an infant this is almost certain to be fatal, although it is not likely to kill an adult.

Two of the babies, the five-day-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hughes, and the six-day-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Rusinack, died the following day, and the third, the five-day-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Fields, died the day after that.

When the case was first investigated, the district attorney's office announced that if any evidence of "culpable negligence" was found, a charge of second degree manslaughter would be filed. A few days later the case was presented to the grand jury, and, waiving immunity, the nurse appeared before that body. After listening to what she had to say, and also to the testimony of various other nurses, doctors, and the fathers of two of the dead babies, the grand jury refused to return an indictment against the nurse and ordered that the case be dropped.

Warts Removed By Mental Suggestion

THE old medicine man or "pow-wow doctor" who could make warts disappear with a wave of the hand and by muttering some gibberish was recently labeled authentic by the American Medical Association in answer to a physician's inquiry in the Association's Journal.

Warts can be removed by mental suggestion, the statement in the Journal declared, although those who practice healing by "faith" and magic words are often frowned upon by their more scientific brothers in the profession. But there are a number of cases known in which healing by suggestion was used more effectively than medical or surgical methods.

In one case cited, a Swiss geologist named Heim saw his father cure the warts on the hands of his little sister by pointing to them and saying for each, "This one goes away." Years later, when Heim had several warts which medical treatment could not cure, he tried the same suggestion on himself and was successful. The first warts that he treated on his hand went away in four days. He was also successful in treating warts on the other hand and on his face. After that, many people came to him for the cure.

According to the Journal, two things are necessary for such cures: the conviction on the part of the physician that the method is successful and a distinctly emotional condition on the part of the patient which would make him susceptible to the suggestion.

A French nerve specialist, Bonjour, treated warts by this method and claims never to have failed. He came to the conclusion that since warts could be made to disappear by suggestion they were of nervous origin. But this is not the case, the Journal states. They are merely small skin growths caused by infection and take from four to twenty weeks to grow to their final size.

Professor Bloch, a skin specialist of Zurich, Switzerland, followed a more complicated procedure than that used by Heim. After carefully examining the wart he would blindfold the patient and lead him into an adjacent room. If the wart was on the hand he would then draw an outline of that hand, drawing in each wart life size. He would also start a machine, not connected in any way with the patient, which made a noise. Then he would paint each wart with some vivid color, red, green, or blue, and lead the patient back to the consultation room where the blindfold would be taken off. Professor Bloch would tell the patient that the color must not be removed from the warts or the treatment would be less effective. The patient was asked to return in two weeks and was kept under observation for several months.

Professor Bloch was successful in most of the cases he treated. One of his patients was a nerve specialist who was told that he would be treated by suggestion. He was indignant and "pooh-poohed" the idea, but submitted because of his great desire to be rid of the warts. In spite of his disbelief and to his great astonishment all the warts disappeared in two weeks.

To be successful, says the Journal, the doctor must have confidence that his cure is genuine. When he is tired, ill or hurried the results are not good.

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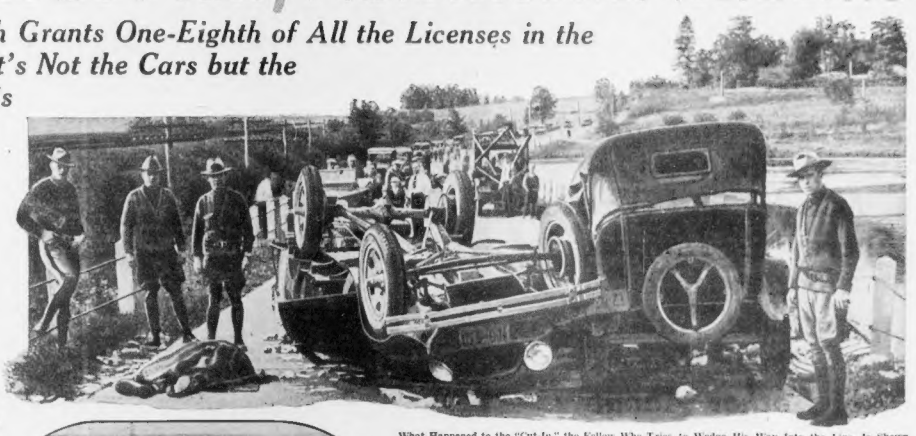
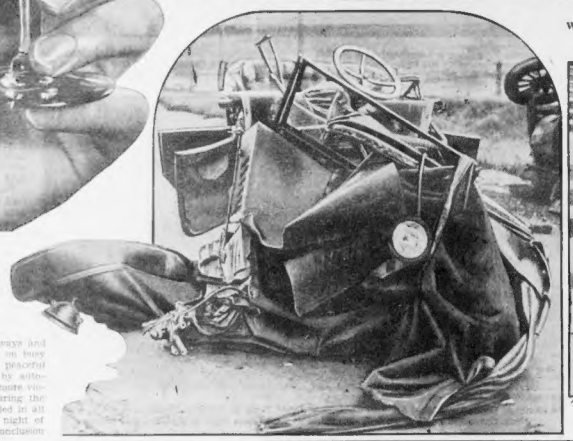
What Causes So Many Automobile Accidents

New York State, Which Grants One-Eighth of All the Licenses in the United States, Finds It's Not the Cars but the Drivers, and Tells What's the Matter With Them

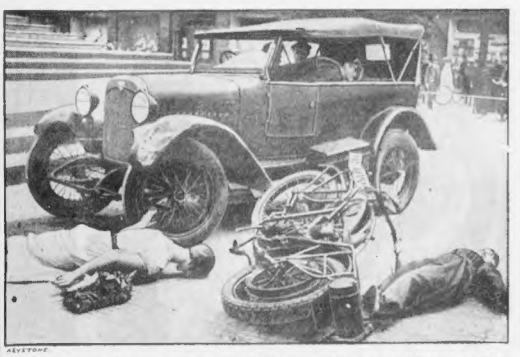
One Little Error in Judgment Has Caused a Lot of Grief in Driving. Alcohol Is All Right in the Radiator but Not in the Operator.



What Happened to the "Cut-In," the Fellow Who Tries to Wedge His Way Into the Line, Is Shown Above; He'll Never Do It Again. Photo by New York State Troopers.



This Is What Happened to a Speeder. He Lost Control and Crashed Into an Approaching Car. Speeding Caused 26,054 Accidents in New York State Last Year and 1245 Deaths. Photo by New York State Troopers.



How Germany Educates the Automobilist. The City of Breslau Stages an Exhibition in a Public Square With Wax Dummies for Victims as a Warning to Automobilists.

What Happens to the Driver Who Keeps His Big Lights On At Night and Also to the Driver He Blinds. Forty-two Killed Last Year in New York Alone by This Type of Driver and Something Like 3000 Accidents. Photo by New York State Troopers.

ON broad concrete highways and on narrow dirt roads, on busy city streets and in peaceful rural byways, death caused by automobile accidents has claimed more victims in the United States during the past ten years than were killed in all of America's wars from the night of the Boston Tea Party to the conclusion of the World War in 1918.

Last year alone in New York State, which issues approximately one-eighth of the country's 23,827,290 automobile licenses, there were 79,592 automobile accidents in which 2,917 people were killed and 101,870 were injured.

One of the most significant feature of these accidents, which involved a total of 110,728 automobiles, was that upon examination by local police, New York State troopers or other competent authorities, 86,564 of the cars were found to have been in good condition up to the time of the crash.

The automobiles were not responsible for the accidents. Their drivers were.

Thereupon Mr. Charles A. Harnett, Commissioner of Motor Vehicles of the State of New York, determined to find out just how extensively the human element was responsible for the staggering toll of death and accidents.

With the aid of a corps of experts, he began to sift through the records of the 79,592 automobile accidents which occurred in New York State last year. His report, just finished, is illustrated by remarkable photographs of fatal crashes snapped by officers of the New York State troopers immediately after the accidents occurred. Some of these photographs are reproduced on this page.

Speeding, Commissioner Harnett finds, continues to be the most common cause of accidents and the drunken driver to be the greatest menace on the highway. The types of irresponsible or reckless drivers who caused the greatest number of accidents in New York State last year were found to be the following:

1. The "Me Firster." This type of motorist either thinks he has the right of way or doesn't care whether he has or not and steps on the gas pedal without regard to consequences. Last year the "Me Firsters," some of whom became victims themselves, killed 300 people and injured 11,902.

2. The "Left Sider." This type of motorist either prefers to see what is going on over the left side of the road and travels in that lane or passes cars where he should not. He was responsible for 253 deaths and 5,226 non-fatal injuries. It will be noted that the "Left Sider" causes a higher proportionate death toll than does the "Me Firster." This is because when he hits another car he generally does so at speed and head on.

3. The "Pathfinder." This type of motorist drives off the roadway, seemingly intent on making his own road. In many cases he is fatigued from an over-long drive and goes to sleep at the wheel. In other cases his eyesight is bad, especially at night, and he either fails to see a road or sees one where there isn't any. Last year he was responsible for 454 deaths and 4,051 non-fatal accidents.

4. The "Step-on-it Kid." This type of motorist is a speed maniac, pure and simple. While accidents among the other types also involve speed, the "Step-on-it Kid's" prime menace lies in his love for putting the accelerator right down to the floor-board and keeping it there. Last year, he was responsible for 1,245 deaths and 26,054 non-fatal accidents.

5. The "Puzzler." This type of motorist has the "Guess what I'm going to do next?" attitude. His failure to signal his intentions last year was responsible for 16 deaths and 2,195 non-fatal accidents.

6. The "Wedger-inner." This type of motorist is also a speeder, but he is more cautious to his own way of thinking than is the "Step-on-it Kid." While the latter will try to pass a whole line of cars, the "Wedger-inner" likes to pass a few and then get back into line to recover his nerve. Frequently the line is closed where he tries to get into it and in trying to wedge his way in between the two cars he causes an accident. Last year he caused 1,386 of them in which 41 people were killed.

While complete statistics are lacking as to the number of intoxicated persons who figured in these primary causes of automobile accidents last year, even one drunken driver among millions is too many, according to Commissioner Harnett's way of thinking.

Here we are dealing with the greatest menace on the highway today," the Commissioner states. "It is impossible to denounce him with too much emphasis. Just one of his type is one too many, among the 3,396,535 drivers now licensed in the State of New York. We cannot bring ourselves to the point of believing that he is entitled to leniency by the unwarranted exercise of discretionary power at the hands of any court or motor vehicle administrative official."

As for the speeder, the Commissioner is liberal-minded and believes that with the high state of mechanical perfection achieved by automobiles today together with improved roads, a top speed of 50 miles an hour is not excessive for careful drivers. But he does believe that speeds of 60 miles and upward are a serious menace.

"We have long believed that not more than one out of every thousand of our licensed drivers today is capable of safe operation—meaning full control—of a motor vehicle at a speed in excess of 50 miles per hour," he says.

"In this conviction we are supported by no lesser authorities on speed than Sir Malcolm Campbell and Barney Oldfield. Both of these men, whose opinions would seem the last word, declare that a motor vehicle should not be driven in excess of fifty miles per hour on the public highways of this or any other country, and then only under the most favorable of circumstances and conditions."

Just how much death and destruction a careless or drunken driver at even "safe" speeds can cause may be visualized from the fact that an automobile which is traveling along the highway at a speed of twenty miles an hour would, if it struck some stationary object, cause the same amount of damage as it would have if the driver had driven it off the top of a one-story building.

If the same machine is traveling at a speed of forty miles per hour along a highway and strikes a stationary object, the result would be the same as if it had been driven off the roof of a four-story building. And this same machine, driven at the rate of sixty miles per hour, would, in striking a stationary object, cause the same amount of damage that would occur if the automobile were driven from the roof of a building to plunge twelve stories to the street.

From these figures an idea may be gained of the terrific force responsible for some of the crushed and twisted automobile wrecks shown on this page.

Yet even in these terribly mangled cars, reports of the accidents in which they were involved show that they were not traveling at an excess of sixty miles an hour. There have been even more appalling wrecks at "safe" speeds when, for example, a "Left Sider" traveling at fifty miles per hour met head-on a safe and conservative driver traveling at forty miles an hour in the opposite direction. Here, in spite of "safe" speeds there was a ninety-mile-an-hour impact when the cars crashed.

When Commissioner Harnett began to sift out his facts and figures and to classify the different types of primary automobile accidents which have swelled the death tolls, he became curious as to the type of automobile drivers who caused them and who were often victims of their own carelessness. "Who were these folks?" he asked himself. "Were they homicidal maniacs, criminals or irresponsible youngsters?"

As official reports of last year's 79,592 began to take shape, he discovered that the people who caused the accidents were just ordinary citizens, people who otherwise are law abiding and respected. And therein lies the real tragedy.

"He isn't necessarily the thug, the thief or the so-called racketeer. He is, in most instances, known among his business associates, in his home community and by his neighbors as the law-abiding citizen," the Commissioner reports.

"No operator of a motor vehicle ever drives his car at an excessive rate of speed, continues the operation of a motor vehicle with inadequate brakes or proceeds under dangerous weather or highway conditions without knowingly doing so. Invariably the operator who does so is the driver who has no regard for safety markings, overtakes and passes cars on hills and loses no opportunity for an attempt to 'beat the red light,' at the intersection, or the railroad train at a grade-crossing.

"He commits these deliberate acts day in and day out and is responsible for the bulk of our motor vehicle accidents yet he constitutes less than 15 per cent of all the drivers licensed by the State of New York."

Another tragic fact which the Commissioner uncovered in analyzing his statistics is that the great majority of automobile accidents in New York State last year occurred while the drivers were motoring for "pleasure." In some cases the results of this "pleasure" were shattered, maimed bodies, some so badly crushed as to make the features unrecognizable. Broken limbs, lasting scars from flying glass, burns, cuts and bruises were among the minor results of these accidents and in many cases the motorists who received them considered themselves lucky to come through the crash alive.

"A striking illustration is found in the records of the State Department of Labor which reveals that fatalities among persons actually engaged in industry of all kinds are three-tenths of one per cent of the total number of accidents for the entire year of 1935," says the Commissioner. "This record indicates that motorists of this State do not have a very high regard for their own personal safety."

The Commissioner's report shows that many popular conceptions regarding automobile accidents are either wrong or no longer true. Last year, for example, the greatest number of automobile accidents did not occur on Sundays when the "Sunday drivers" were out in full force, but on Saturday. Sunday was second, Friday third and the other four days of the week almost identical in the daily number of accidents.

The most dangerous time of the day for driving is not after the sun has gone down, as many believe, but from 5 to 6 P. M. Last year 46,053 automobile accidents occurred in daylight hours as against 30,238 after nightfall.

Another popular conception regarding weather conditions as a contributing factor to automobile accidents was also shattered. Last year 54,592 accidents occurred when the surface of the roads were dry, 13,623 when they were wet and only 5,737 when they were icy!

As for the pedestrian, in spite of the many traffic lights, warnings and safety educational programs which tried to diminish the risks he takes in normally crossing the streets, avenues and highways, last year pedestrian accidents continued to top the list. There were 37,175 collisions between pedestrians and automobiles as against 30,445 collisions between two or more automobiles. That the pedestrians involved in these accidents came off second best is shown by the fact that more than three times more pedestrians were killed than motorists.

While New York and other States are taking steps to reduce the automobile accidents and death toll by education, an interesting object lesson to careless drivers and speeders was recently staged by the City of Breslau in Germany.

In the public square was placed a car that had been wrecked by collision with another—added for good measure were a bicyclist and a pedestrian, who had been run over. Life - size wax figures were placed in the automobile and similar dummies were made of the woman pedestrian who had been killed and the unfortunate cyclist. These were placed in the street where every pedestrian who passed and every automobilist could not help seeing them. Similar realistic tableaux are being duplicated in other German cities. It has been suggested that this might be a very excellent idea for American cities to follow.

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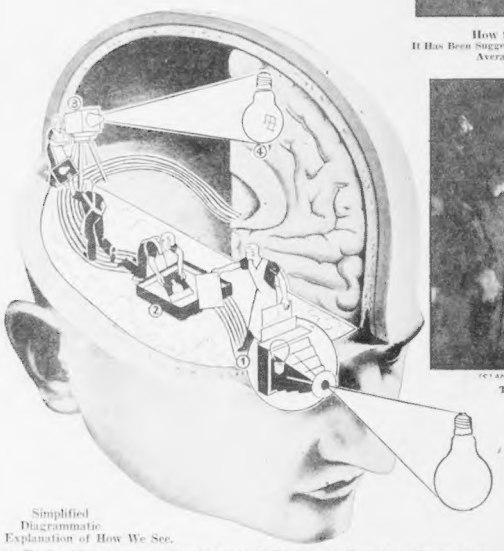
Surprising New Discoveries About Eye-Strain

Slows Up Your Heart, Makes It Easier For Disease Germs to Work, Tightens Up the Muscles and Wastes Energy---A Handicap of Modern Life Our Cavemen Ancestors Never Had to Bother About

How the Human Eye Sees a Landscape at Night.

How the Cat Sees the Same Landscape.

It Has Been Suggested That Approximately the Same Sensitivity to Light Holds True in a Comparison of Our Primitive Cavemen Ancestors' Eyes and the Modern Average Eye of Man; the Latter Needing Far More Artificial Light to Distinguish Objects Than Did Those Remote Ancestors of Ours.



Simplified Diagrammatic Explanation of How We See.

(1) The Eye, Like a Camera, Receives the Image—In This Case, for Example, an Electric Light Bulb. It Is Reflected Upside Down and Is Pictured as a Photographer Who Passes the Image On to Another Nerve Center (2). Here It Is Developed and Passed On (3) to Another Nerve Center, Which, Like a Stereopticon Carries It On to the Seeing Center of the Brain (4), Where It Is Perceived in Its Normal Position.

Courtesy Lighting Research Laboratory, Nela Park, Cleveland.

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The Cavemen Whose Eyes Were So Good That They Could Draw in Pictures Minute Detail and Color in Dark Caves With Light Entirely Insufficient for Modern Eyes to Do the Same Thing.

Machine Which Measures Bodily Fatigue Caused by Reading With Various Degrees of Insufficient Light—Light Which Would Have Been Plenty for Primitive Eyes, But Not for Most of Those of Today.

Courtesy Lighting Research Laboratory, Nela Park, Cleveland.

NO caveman ever wore spectacles or used a magnifying glass. Yet he knew caverns of such a perfect dark that our best modern lighting could not approach it for excellence, and he could see well enough to produce wall paintings of animals that, for vividness and action, are unsurpassed by the work of any artist since. Nor did he suffer from eye-strain as we do today.

These facts are among the most surprising that have been brought to light by the research of science in the last few years. They are the result of a study of the eyes of primitive men and women, of the eyes of animals, and of the eyes of modern men and women, made by Dr. M. Luckiesh, director of the Lighting Research Laboratory of the General Electric Company at Cleveland, Ohio, especially with regard to eye-strain.

The first important fact is that when the eyes are under a strain many of the muscles throughout the body which apparently have nothing to do with seeing have a tendency to contract. Anyone who has ever driven an automobile in congested traffic knows this to be true. So Dr. Luckiesh decided to use this fact to find out how hard the eyes have to work under different conditions. The idea first occurred to him when he noticed how his fingers automatically clenched themselves around the steering wheel the moment he had to make a special effort to see the road.

He reasoned that if this muscular tension was caused by eye-strain while driving, as it seemed to be, then other forms of eye-strain also must produce it. To prove his point, he constructed an ingenious laboratory device and conducted thousands of tests. The person taking the tests sat at a table with a hole in front of him and the fingers of his right hand resting on a large push button. This button was wired to an instrument in another room. As the fingers involuntarily pushed and pressed down on the button, the amount of pressure was recorded. The subjects did not know the purpose of the experiment, but were merely told to read, at their usual rate, and to press the button each time they turned a page. They thought this was simply to keep track of the number of pages they read.

At first, the room was illuminated with one "footcandle" of light, the amount of light that would fall on it if one standard tallow candle were placed one foot away. This is the same amount of light that would fall on a book four feet away from a sixteen candlepower electric bulb. According to Dr. Luckiesh, that is about the amount of light most people are accustomed to read by at night. Under those conditions, the average pressure exerted by the subjects was 64 grams, which was taken as an indication that their whole bodies, as well as their fingers, were comparatively tense. Their eyes were working under a considerable strain, even though they were not conscious of this.

Then the light was increased gradually. As this was done the pressure of the fingers relaxed little by little. When the intensity of the light on the book had reached 100 footcandles, which is about the amount of light a person would be reading by if seated near a window on a bright day, the average pressure was only 42 grams. Thus the eyes were causing much less muscle strain under 100 footcandles than under one footcandle, but Dr. Luckiesh believes that they still were under more strain than Nature meant them to be.

Everyone knows there is quite a bit of difference between the amount of daylight outdoors and the amount that gets indoors; but few realize how great this difference is. To measure things like this, scientists developed a few years ago a new kind of light meter. This is a small portable instrument equipped with a special cell or plate sensitive to the slightest variation in light and a meter needle for indicating intensity. Outdoors on a bright day, this meter may register as much as 10,000 footcandles, about 80 per cent of this coming from direct sunlight and about 20 per cent reflected from the sky. Under the shade of a tree the meter may show from 600 to 1,000 footcandles, on a front porch from 300 to 500, and indoors 10 to 100, depending on how far it is from a window.

Under plenty of light the nervous membrane or retina at the back of the eye works more perfectly and easily. It is less effort to see fine details. The eye muscles are not strained all the time by orders from the brain to try to get a better focus, like an unskilful photographer shifting his camera lens back and forth continually trying to focus it more perfectly. Another difficulty is to keep both eyes focussed on the same thing at the same time.

The earliest forms of animal life, such as the single-cell amoeba, had no eyes but were sensitive to light all over. Later on certain sea creatures began to develop pigment spots more sensitive to light than the rest of the body, and this was the beginning of eyes. The backboned fish, from which scientists say man is descended, developed true eyes, but these were on opposite sides of the head.

After the fish came out of water, grew legs and became a reptile, the eyes remained on the sides of the head, giving double vision or two separate views which did not overlap. Not until the appearance of the primates, the family that includes the apes, monkeys and man, did the eyes move around to the front of the head, causing the two views to overlap, and thus giving binocular vision, which makes it possible to judge distance and to see objects in three dimensions.

But for millions of years, man and his immediate ancestors used these marvelous binocular eyes without strain. Muscles had developed to make them converge, or narrow down the angle of vision, so that both eyes could look at a nearby object simultaneously. For a long time man made little use of these muscles. He seldom looked at anything nearer than ten feet. When he did, it was only for a few seconds, such as to pick up a rock to throw at a sabre-tooth tiger.

But relying on his own intelligence, man came indoors—and that was only yesterday, compared to the eons of time he and his ancestors were outdoor creatures. In the relatively short time he has been an indoor creature, man's whole mode of living has changed, but in no other respect so much as the way he overtaxes his eyes doing work for which Nature never intended them.

Instead of doing it in the outdoor light of 1,000 footcandles or more to which eyes had been accustomed, he now does virtually all of his close work by artificial light usually in ten footcandles or less. The change has been made too rapidly for Nature to adapt man to it. The result is that perhaps nine-tenths of all civilized people have some kind of eye trouble.

To test both the eyestrain and the general muscle strain created by trying to keep both eyes focussed on work close at hand, such as too-dimly lighted print, Dr. Luckiesh and his associate, Dr. Frank M. Moss, constructed another device for experiments.

They arranged two prisms so they would revolve in opposite directions, causing light rays that passed through them to break up and shoot off at opposite angles. The subjects looked through these prisms at a black dot on a white surface. The muscles that cause the eyes to converge strove to bring the light rays together. The more the prisms were revolved in opposite directions the more difficult this became, until finally the eye muscles gave up. Then the subject saw two dots instead of one. Attached to the device was a gauge which showed how much strain the eyes were under.

For comparison, Dr. Luckiesh had half of the subjects read for one hour under a light of one footcandle before taking the test, and the other half read for one hour under a light of 100 footcandles. He found that the ones who read under the weak light were three times as tired as those that read under the strong light. In other words, the converging muscles of the eyes that had been working under 100 footcandles were able to withstand three times as much prismatic strain before the two eyes began to see two separate dots.

Since it is true that eyestrain tends to make all bodily muscles tense, it might be supposed that if a person overtaxes his eyes the heart action would increase, just as it is if one overtaxes his legs by running upstairs. But for some reason the exact opposite takes place. Dr. Luckiesh found the heart action to be slowed down by prolonged use of the eyes under strain. He attached a stethoscope to the chests of his subjects and had half of them read for one hour under 100 footcandles. The stethoscope was connected with a recording device.

With all the subjects, the heart action began to slow down as soon as they started reading, and continued to decrease during the whole hour. But with those who read under the weak light it went down rapidly from 78 beats a minute, which is normal, to 69. With those who read under 100 footcandles, the decrease was much slower and considerably less, going down from normal to about 75, at the end of the hour. The average heartbeat of those reading under the weak light was altered five times as much as that of the others.

Dr. Luckiesh does not commit himself about what is the significance of this discovery, but he believes that it may have something to do with the bodily disorders that have been increasing as civilization has become more and more complicated. Perhaps it will help to explain why so many people nowadays die of heart failure and why both nervous diseases and heart diseases are more common among civilized people, who make greater use of their eyes.

When man first came indoors he still had to have the same amount of air and the same amount of food, but only about one ten-thousandth as much light. He made up for the scarcity of light in various ways, for instance by printing books with black type on white paper. In Nature there is little absolute black and white. Unless forced to, the eyes will not naturally look for long periods at black or white. If primitive man had invented printing before he came indoors, he might have handed down to the present day the precedent of using green paper, the restful color of leaves, and ink the color of red or orange flowers.

Natural sunlight is almost colorless, but when that is reproduced as closely as possible indoors it seems cold and bluish. Dr. Luckiesh says that is because man associates indoor warmth and cheer with the color of flame, due to the thousands of years he has lighted and warmed his houses with lamps and fires. The ideal form of artificial lighting, he says, is 20 per cent indirect, reflected from the ceiling, and 80 per cent direct—just as it is in nature. If houses at night are lighted with indirect lighting only, no shadows are cast. A certain amount of shadow is necessary to give the eye what it long has been accustomed to.

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Bare Backs Flogged and Their Hair Cut Off

New Methods of Terrorization by Midnight Bands of Masked Riders Who Drag Out and Beat Up Men and Women Whose Conduct Displeases Them

Dragging the Victim out of Their Home, the Masked Men Stripped Them to the Waist, Then Forcing Them Or One to Submit, Cut Their Hair Short Upon Their Heads, in Some Cases Leaving Enough to Form a Cross, the Symbol of the Old Ku Klux Klan; After Which They Were Brutally Flogged and Warned to Mend Their Ways or Worse Would Follow.

Carolyn, Glenn and Grace Fowler, Three of the Country Girls Who Were Whipped by the "Night Riders" and Their Hair Sheared Off. They Posed for This Picture After Their Hair Had Partly Grown Back.

"Why do you refuse to take your hat off in court?" asked Judge R. Hunt Parker, of Whiteville, North Carolina, while questioning a witness in an assault case.

"Because night riders came and clipped my head bare, and they took my clothes off and flogged me on the back," answered the woman on the stand.

Thereupon the astonished judge forgot, for the moment, the case before him and stared at the witness. It was the first intimation the authorities had received that white-hooded night riders had stripped, sheared and beaten five women of Columbus County. Always before the victims of their wrath had kept silent in fear of death if they complained.

Columbus County is a tobacco-raising county and in the backwoods there are realistic counterparts of the quaint, ignorant, austere characters which many people do not believe true to life in the famous play "Tobacco Road." Though the State has compulsory education laws some of the natives have never gone to school, can not read or write and their knowledge of almost unbelievable ignorance was enough to light afire the startled judge, convinced that the clipping and flogging warranted a grand jury investigation referred the matter to the District Attorney.

The next witness in the assault case to be questioned was a nineteen-year-old boy, seemingly intelligent, but as he stepped up to the stand to take the witness oath he was told allowed to testify because he remarried incorrectly.

"I never heard of God, who is he?" or a different time were the young people were guided out of their homes by masked men, and the whipping occurred to leave the country. Those girls were bad schooling. The whippings are believed to have been wrought by the secret "Black Legion" organized in Michigan. Sheriff A. Johnson, in charge of the investigation which resulted, believes that those who took the law into their own hands are just a faction of the citizens who thought their neighbors unworthy.

The witness who didn't want to take her hat off in court is Mrs. Bertha Fowler, mother of the 14-year-old assaulted girl whose case was being heard when the young boy who hadn't been told about God sat. A total of some 20 to 25 persons, including white men and females, began into the Fowler cabin one dark night, overpowered and another daughter, Inez 17 years old, cut off her hair with shears, forced to a swamp, far enough from any habitation or road so their cries would not be heard.

There the night riders tore off the clothes of their victims and severely beat each woman a dozen times on the back. After this torture had their hair with shears, followed by a ruthless cutting with clippers. When the two captives asked why this was being done to them, a man's voice behind one of the hoods replied:

"You know what you been doing with the men around here."

They were then told either to leave the vicinity or mend their ways with no first warning that if they were known to be mixed-up with their had better not say anything about what had happened to them.

They would have kept their mouths tightly closed if the lawyer defending the man charged with the assault hadn't insisted on Bertha removing her bonnet. This upset her so that she blurted out the truth. Both Bertha and Inez denied any improper behavior with men of the community.

In the course of their story they mentioned that three other Fowler girls and their father, Lihue Fowler, had received exactly the same treatment from apparently the same hand. Curiously enough the two Fowler families are in no way related.

Almost at the same time that Bertha and Inez were being forcibly taken to the swamp, a band of about the same number of masked night riders called on Sam Lihue Fowler's house. Nobody is sure when visitation came but because neither family advises to have bothered to make sure of the date, but both agree that it was "just after the middle of strawberry time."

They took old Lihue, who is 65 years old, and his five daughters, Grace, Carolyn, Glenn and Ginny, ranging in age from 13 to 19, and pushed them out into the same swamp.

When the victims of the night riders began to make their appearance at the settlement was made by Lihue because he was temporarily out available. It appears that toward the end of strawberry time and before Bertha spilled the news he had the misfortune to receive eight months on the chain gang, one for being drunk and disorderly and four for taking .25 cents away from a crippled child.

But the girls were available and they talked, Carolyn said.

They stripped and beat me—beat me hard. I broke away but they caught me and beat me some more. Then they held me down and clipped me so close they most scalped me."

"I spec' I got the worst of it," said Glenn. "Because I sassed 'em. They wouldn't say what they had against us. They just grabbed us out of bed and drug us out and whipped us. I yelled all the time they was getting us out of the house and while they was whipping us. I called 'em names and gave 'em plenty of sass. That made 'em mad. I told 'em they was just trying to break up our family, and they was. Look at my hair."

Glenn, Grace and Ginny evidently felt quite indignant at this outrage to their persons, but it was nothing to the wrath of their sister Grace, who had a special grievance of her own. She said:

"It shore did hurt, that beating they gave me, but that was nothing to what they did to my hair."

Grace's head looked no more close-cropped and scraggly than those of the others, but in her case there was also an invisible loss, a violation of property right. With angry eyes she continued:

"I'd just been to Tabor City for a permanent wave which cost me altogether eight dollars, and they cut it off and left it in the swamp.

"There must have been about 20 to 30 in the gang, all dressed in white. They dragged us out of the house, stripped us and put the leather to us. The marks are all gone now but where am I going to get another eight dollars even when my hair is long enough for a permanent? They ought to make somebody pay for that, anyhow."

The authorities felt the same way about the matter. Thanks to the energetic work of Prosecuter Johnson and Hagel Alewhite, foreman of the grand jury, it is said that one of the leaders of floggers was induced to make a confession, involving another men and a woman. Thauthorities made an agreement to keep the confessor's name secret in the strength of his plea that to reveal it would mean his death.

The man, in his confession, is also reported to have named a minister as one of the leaders. His name has not been given out, but many jump to the conclusion that it must be the Rev. George R. Hunt, Baptist missionary preacher, in the Clarendon district, where the floggings occurd. Mr. Hunt, who has had a lot say about "enforcing decency in the community" and sympathetic words for night riders on such errands, met the challenge from his pulpit as lows:

"I have been accused of leading the night ride. A Wilmington paper quoced as a named minister as saying he helped take bad men and women from the houses and whip them, and because am a local minister here in the sect where it all happened, many people like I was doing that talking. I had a hand in the whippings.

"But don't mind saying that if I have got out to help clean up this commity of the mess and the bad people then I can do it. But when I do in part it will not be at midnight, and won't be hiding my face behind a white sheet.

"I work hard on the farm all week and preach on Sunday. Other folks in is section work hard and behave themselves. But there are a few persons who have caused more trble in this section than all the ort people who ever lived here put gether. They have brought some literal hell here with them and we won't put up with it, not here we won't.

"They tell me I may split up our Clarendon church with this kind of talk, but if the church can be busted up for fighting the fight of the Lord, then it's too bad. In a way I'm proud to be named a member of the band of floggers, as they have been called. It means that people at least feel that I am one not to sit by idle with crime and sin all about. God wants us to make our community a fit place to live in. The good people of our community are not afraid to do that. The Clarendon community wants to be rid of those people. The law says they get to live right, and they have, or else git out."

The husband of Bertha, father of Inez, was not molested when the floggers called on his wife and daughter for the good, or, rather, bad, reason that like Lihue he was temporarily unavailable, being in the penitentiary, serving a short sentence for shooting a man in the leg.

Mr. Fowler is now back in his one-room house which shelters the parents, three daughters and two sons, to say nothing of chickens that wander in and out the open door. His theory is that "his women are good women" and the only reason they were beaten and clipped is to punish Bertha for having a neighbor arrested for assaulting their fourteen-year-old child, Edna.

Another man to receive the attentions of the hooded terrorists, is Dewey Cribb. When he asked his assailant what he had done to deserve being flogged, he was at first met with silence, but later, as a sort of hint, one of them asked him why he didn't stop beating his wife. This puzzled Dewey a bit because Mr. and Mrs. Cribb had been separated and he hadn't even seen her for more than a year.

When they came to clipping his hair, the band did a special job, leaving a double ridge in the form of a crude cross, evidently to give the impression that they belonged in the Ku Klux Klan.

The coincidence that two Fowler families, not related, should be visited in this way is strange enough, but news from Horry County, South Carolina, and not far away, makes it almost incredible. Sheriff W. E. Sessions was called to investigate the flogging of a 40-year-old farmer, Monroe Fowler, of that county, related in no way to either of the North Carolina Fowler families.

One night while he was on his way home in his automobile, two cars blocked the road a few miles from the North Carolina border and masked men with shotguns made him get out of his car into one of theirs.

Blindfolded he was taken to a lonely spot and given 30 lashes on his bare back. He was told that he knew what he was being whipped for. As the whippers left him to get home as best he could, they also gave him messages of warning to two of his friends. One was to stop drinking and the other that he mustn't beat his wife any more, "or else."

Monroe Fowler thinks he was punished for refusing to withdraw a misdemeanor charge against another man in the community.

Recently a new grand jury was selected for Columbus County to serve for the next six months. Determined to continue the investigation which started when Mrs. Bertha Fowler removed her hat before Judge Parker and despite the protests of many of the natives, Judge M. V. Barnhill said to the new grand jurors:

"Those who received the punishment may have deserved everything they got. They may have deserved more. The thing to be determined on your part is not the fact that they got the punishment so much as the method through which the punishment was administered.

"I ask you to investigate that matter and report the facts to the court because you can break down your government much more quickly by allowing the good citizens to violate the law than by allowing the bad citizens to do so.

"If the good citizens take the law into their own hands, it destroys your courts; if it is the bad citizens that do so, you can punish them. Report whatever you can find out about that."

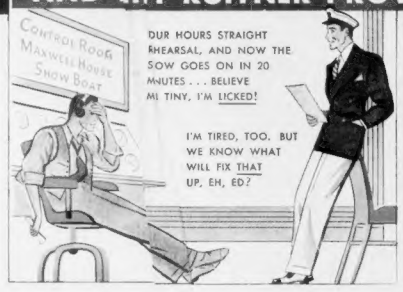
Inez Fowler and Her Mother, Mrs. Bertha Fowler, Two Other Victims of the "Night Riders." Mrs. Fowler Refused to Take Her Hat Off in Court Because Her Hair Had Been Shorn.

The Log Cabin of Lihue Fowler, Who Was Whipped With His Daughters, Grace, Glenn and Carolyn.

"Have a cup of Maxwell House," says Lanny Ross for *Friendly Stimulation!*

• *Lanny Ross and Joan Marsh, stars of radio and screen, enjoy a refreshing cup of Maxwell House Coffee.*

AND TINY RUFFNER PROVES YOUR POINT, LANNY!



THE KEY TO FRESHNESS!

Maxwell House Coffee is packed in a super-vacuum, Vita-Fresh can . . . the can you have to open with a key! This is the one sure way to bring you coffee *truly fresh!* Not *days* fresh—but *hours* fresh. That is why millions know that no coffee can be fresher than—*truly roaster-fresh* Maxwell House Coffee!

GOOD TO THE LAST DROP

WHY not accept Lanny Ross' invitation? Try Maxwell House! We're sure you'll agree no coffee *could* be more delicious . . . more delightfully mellow . . more thoroughly satisfying.

And how pleasany it buoys you up . . . how refreshed you feel as you respond to the friendly stimulation you get from every sparkling cup.

Maxwell House is matchless blend of the world's finest coffees-kept truly roaster-fresh! It comes to you packed in the super-vacuum, Vita-Fresh can . . . the one sure way to assure you coffee as fresh as the very hour it was roasted.

Why not try Maxwell House Coffee—tomorrow? See how its friendly stimulation freshens you up. See how much you enjoy its supremely delicious flavor. A product of General Foods.

. . .

TUNE IN—MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT!

A full hour of sparkling entertainment . . . music, drama, fun . . . every Thursday night, NBC Coast-to-Coast Network.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

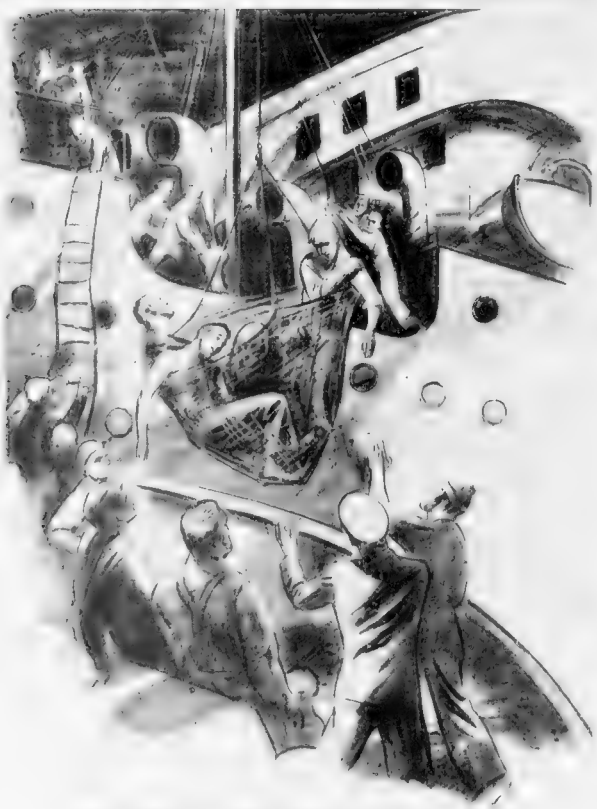
BETTER COFFEE . . . TRULY ROASTER-FRESH

A Matter of Course

by Eugene Jones

A Story of the Sea and the Men Who Sail It.
Complete in This Issue.

"Ben right, and I reckon I won't help mom any. The Ben Was Very Still Except for the Hands of The Fiends Pawing Out the Milk

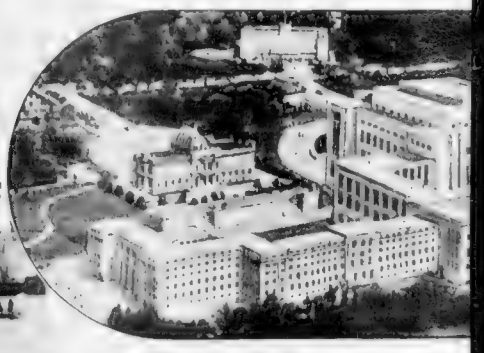


Ben Began Lowering an Improvised Sling Over the Salvador's Rail and Hauling It Up Again and Again With Its Lump of Writhing Figures

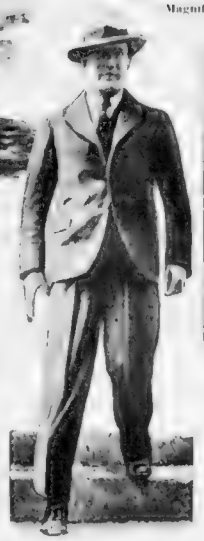
Confessions of W

Lydia Oswald, International Spy, Who Beguil Officers to Secure Armament Secrets and So Nations, Reveals How Espionage Agents W How She Herself Was Trapped and Impr

Mme. Lydia Oswald: Her Smiling Face Shown Brooding Over the New French Battle Cruiser La Lorraine. It Was to Find Out Some of the Secrets of the Armaments of This Latest Warship and Officers of Its Class That the Woman Spy Was Sent to the French Naval Station At Brest.



Magnificent and Extensive Buildings of the Lea Where Legions of Foreign Spies of All Na



The Count de Forceville, French Naval Lieutenant Upon Whom Lydia Oswald Fixed Her Claws.

The Hotel Continental, Brest, Where th ters at the French N

CHAPTER I

I. LYDIA OSWALD

S

S

ed Army and Navy d Them to Enemy ork and Explains isoned in France

Pictresque Tower of the Old Chateau Overlooking the Harbor of Brest

"Presently—as the train slid through the outskirts of Paris—I laid down my magazine and idly watched the landscape slipping past the window. Although pretending to read I knew full well that my vis-a-vis was surreptitiously watching me, and waiting for an opening to talk. I gave him no encouragement.

"Suddenly the papers I had purchased slid off the seat on to the floor. This was a heaven-sent opportunity to M. le Comte. Avidly he retrieved them, and handed them to me. I smiled and thanked him quietly. So the first round was fought and won—by both sides. I had succeeded in establishing contact according to my instructions, and he had fought the first round of what he hoped would be an adventure."

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Presently, as the train

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was fought and won—by both sides. I had succeeded

in establishing contact according to my in-

structions; and he had fought the first round of

what he hoped would be an adventure.

The rest of the journey to Paris

away in the best possible

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Mate Rau.

Brest at last! Monsieur

solicitous of my comfort, as

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dine with him that night.

all the intricacies of those

cause there was little

to any more or less attract

laid to her heart by

My instructions were

secrecy in laying

espionage at Brest. I knew

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to send them

ers. It was necessary

however, not to arouse

hoped that I should be able

at Brest for some considerable

cardinal sins of a spy is to attract

lessly. In contacting Lieutenant

not look upon him so much

tion as a sponsor to my arrival

course he never dreamed that I was

It was soon common knowledge

was not a little intrigued with me

officers congratulated him on bringing

leave such a "charming" diversion from

aboard his ship. This belief suited

admirably, because it accounted fully for

ence at Brest.

So, I became the toast of the

and before long there were few officers of any

(Continued on Page

A Matter of Course

A Story of the Sea and the Men Who Sail It.

By Eugene Jones

(Continued on Page 11)

YES! CORNS COME BACK BIGGER, UGLIER unless removed Root and All

Wonderful new ROOT AND ALL method ends corns forever

BLUE-JAY

CORN PLASTERS

GREAT BIG BOTTLE NAIL POLISH WITH FREE WHITE NAIL PENCIL

Lady LILLIAN

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE ... SMOKE CAMELS

AT HARVEY'S famous restaurant in Washington, D. C. ... enjoy the same dishes that ... Booth, and other ... Camels are preferred ... Talley, host at Harvey's ... who prefer Camels to ... Camels ...

H. H. HARVEY

TROUBLE SHOOTER

ACE TROUBLE SHOOTER

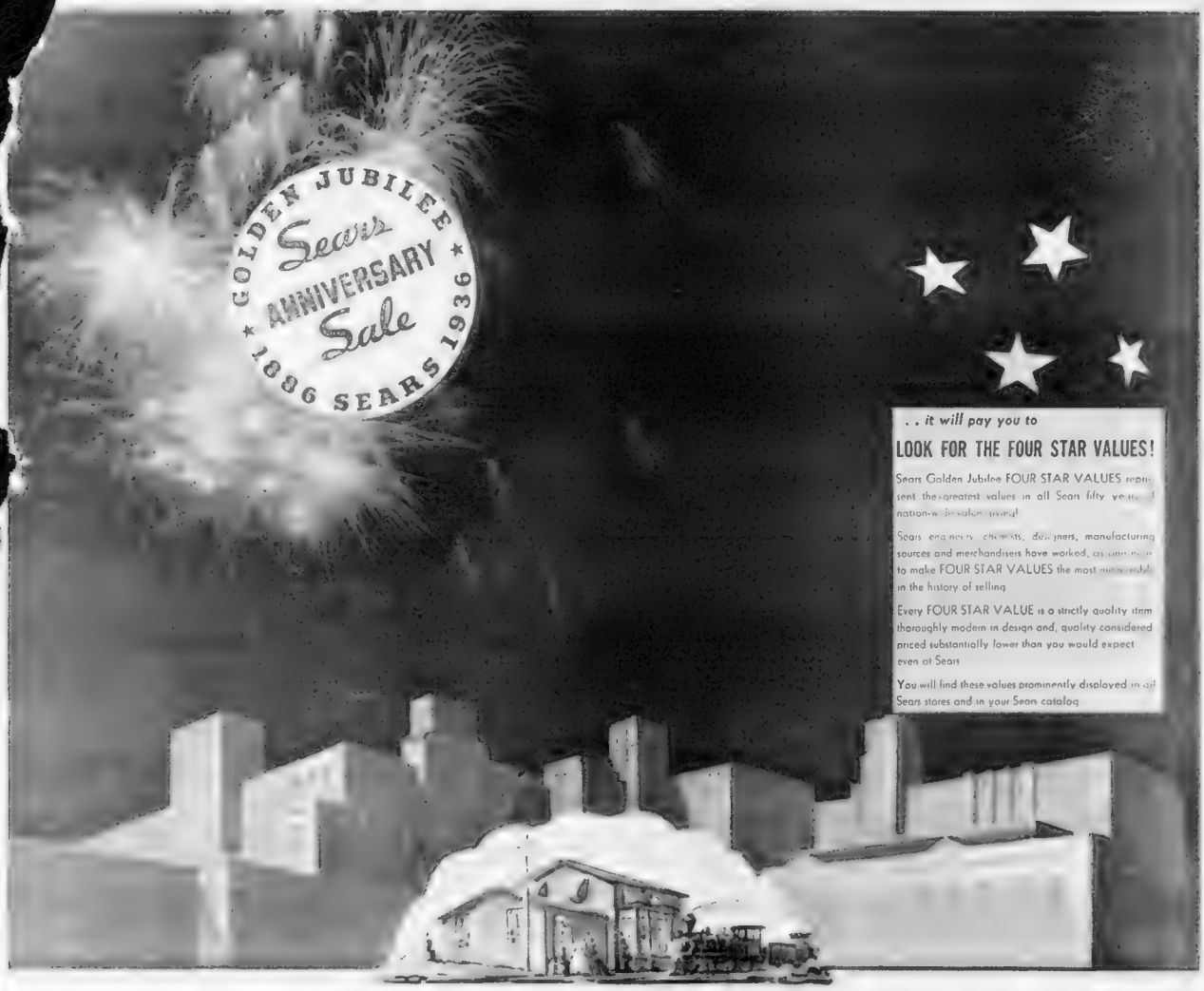
LAWSON LITTLE won ...

Camels add zest to meals—keep digestion on its proper course—increase alkalinity

HEAT and rush, nervousness and mental strain impede digestion by lowering the flow of the digestive fluid, so-called dry mouth. Digestion. Smoking Camels ... by increasing the flow of ...

It is thus Science explains ... you experience after you ... Camels.

With their mellow ... Camels give you a new idea of mildness. You ... day in and day out, and they ... nerves or rasp your throat. Make Camel your cigarette—for the cheery lift ... aid to digestion...for their unequaled flavor and mildness. Camels set you right!



CELEBRATING 50 YEARS OF PROGRESS AT ALL Sears STORES

A [illegible] brilliant values!
A [illegible] Home' Heating? A washing machine? A radio? A Coldspot? Shoes and clothes for yourself or for the children? We challenge you to think of [illegible] single thing for family or for home that you can't get, right now, at Sears, quality considered, *for substantially less money*. Protect your pride . . . protect your pocketbook . . . take advantage of the occasion . . . now, as never before there's wisdom in that old nation-wide American adage: "SHOP AT SEARS AND SAVE!"

[illegible] ANNIVERSARY SALE is now [illegible]
[illegible] Furniture? Rugs? Tires?

TUNEFUL! THRILLING! DRAMATIC!

[illegible]

* * *

[illegible]

IMPORTANT NOTICE: Next Program [illegible] ONLY [illegible] the Sears Program will be broadcast [illegible]

[illegible]—SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.—1936

POMPEIAN
Massage Cream

The Little Lady With the Peke

A Short Story Complete On This Page.

By Douglas Newton

"Cream," Mr. Sugars Smiled. "I said it looked like cream, the ruin of someone

Write Today
7 BEAUTY AIDS 9c.
BOX
FREE

WANTED:
100 LOCAL
DISTRIBUTORS

$45 YOUR FIRST WEEK

A Matter of Course

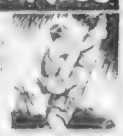
By Eugene Jones

(Continued from Page 14)

(Continued on Page 20)

Shaving Oddities

RAZORS ON TREES!
South American Indians pick their razors



3 MILE HONING MARATHON!

GEM MICROMATIC Blades

She has what it takes

except one thing

She prefers
She bathes
She keeps a snappy dresser
She has both—what it takes

MUM
MUM
ON SANITARY NAPKINS

takes the odor out of perspiration

USE POWDER

100% Cleansing Properties
Twice that of tooth paste

No Grit—No Pumice
Cannot possibly scratch the softest enamel

Lasts Longer—Costs Less
Outlasts tooth paste 2 to 1

THERE is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white as POWDER.

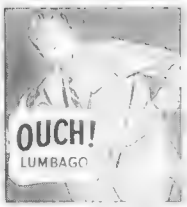
That is why your dentist cleans your teeth with POWDER.

Ask him why the powder he and dentifrice that cleans teeth best is ALL POWDER—and that cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth paste

Do as your dentist does—
when he cleans your teeth

DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER



Don't tolerate stabbing pain when "Ben-Gay offers quick relief

BAUME BEN-GAY

NEW-SKIN FOR HANGNAILS

AT ALL DRUGGISTS 15, 30 AND 50¢

M W & M C

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

CHAPTER VIII
Felix Jung

T

Reduce Pores
Soften Lines

with this rousing
UNDER SKIN
Treatment

Every night.

Every morning

CHAPTER IX.
Phil Goes Sleuthing

N

over a bench and gave Tredwell a forbidding frown from a distance

The other side was even less promising. A glum woman in a gray overall trimmed cosmetics

Enjoy
A "MILLIONAIRE'S DISH"
...for less than 3¢ a portion!

The kind with the EXTRA good Sauce

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S

New tobacco STAYS SWEET all the way down to the heel

CAN you smoke your pipe all the way to the heel—and enjoy even the last puff? Now! Then switch to that new tobacco sensation—*Edgeworth Junior*. It's a special cut that *stays sweet* right down to the last puff in the heel of your pipe. Another big point: *it's matched to 1946 cigarette mildness*. Try it—today!

Notice: There's an Edgeworth today for every smoker—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Plug Slice for the *steady pipe smoker*, and Edgeworth Junior, a different cut and process, for the man who smokes *both pipe and cigarettes*.

50¢ SILK TOBACCO POUCH 10¢

—and one inside white parcel's wrapper from each of the new Edgeworth Junior. We're offering these regular-size full pouches at this special introductory price—only 10¢ a pouch—if you'll mail us the coupon at the right

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Larus & Bro. Co., Dept. [illegible]

Enclosed find [illegible] cents for which please send me [illegible] pouches of Edgeworth Junior—for which I enclose [illegible] striped silk tobacco pouches. This offer is for new customers only.

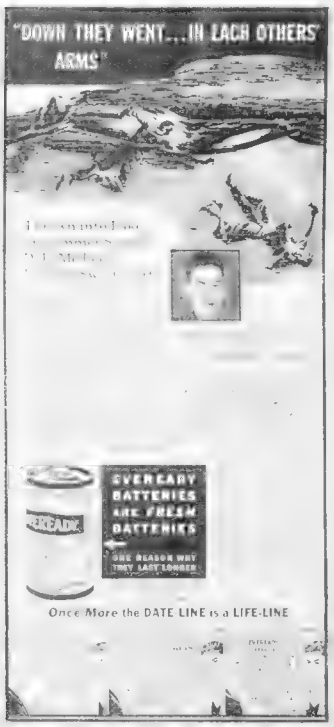
Name

Address

City

COMFORT BEAUTY
FOR CHEST SPOTS

ATHLETE'S FOOT
Makes Feet and Toes ITCH
STRIKES HERE!
Dr. Scholl's Solvex



Tredwell Showed the Roxtons a Terrible Bill "You sisters might be a little down on your luck. If you can't trust her anything about Tuesday night I'd be willing to go quite a way with you"

to watch mine leetle dog. Look at him, there the rascal. He look to had a cat cornered but something of the kind. A [illegible] with [illegible] Why [illegible] Tredwell [illegible] The [illegible] Gift [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

M W E M C

CHAPTER XI

B

"Why that house is nothing more than a love nest," the Woman Whispered. "The goings on! Why, only the other night—"

at score. Mrs. Bracy was definitely on the side of her tenants. "It is one of those cases of find he would die. The French are always talking about." Roland gave a dissatisfied grunt. He hated the aspect of a crumminess that accrued even at his age. He was emphatic. He annied that this was because he

CHAPTER XII

Food for Thought

P

continued on Page 11

SMOOTH RIGHT AWAY—THANKS TO POND'S VANISHING CREAM

SOFTENS OVERNIGHT, TOO

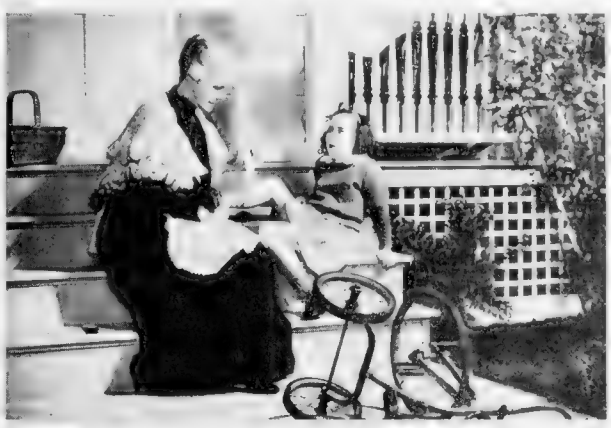
YOU CAN *Melt* AWAY LITTLE ROUGHNESSES

How skin roughs up

for a smooth make-up

overnight for lasting softness—

Mrs. William I. Medan, Jr.



WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

15¢

10

15

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A Matter of Course A Story of the Sea and the Men Who Sail It *By Eugene Jones*

SKIPPING the detail of picking up a pilot, Abner let it look like ship was just in Delaware Bay. The next was crowded newspaper-ese. I shoot the piano the moment I [illegible] should get a word [illegible] but he avoided them, in hurry and [illegible] Jack Grimley senior waited for him in his office.

Grim didn't [illegible] a glance at [illegible] but [illegible] away. From Wall Street came the [illegible] of automobiles, forerunner of Monday night parking, details of the [illegible] rope from every pier in New York. From Aaron Grimley, Sailor.

Grim hadn't attempt to sit down, he stood in front of the desk an awkward picture of the sea with short bowed legs and sandaled shoulders. He stood there like a prisoner awaiting sentence.

Ca- ate there ain't nothin I can say, Aaron.

No, guess not, Abner. You never [illegible] to pass [illegible] That's a- I've heard ever since your first report.

[illegible] Aaron.

If [illegible] for [illegible] Grim [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] He [illegible] we [illegible]

Who was in watch?

What's that got to do with it? A- happens. He couldn't help it, set so ir- ired to rest on that.

No, I guess he couldn't. I don't suppose if [illegible] Dixon it will [illegible] difference. Abner, I guess you know this is the end for you.

Know it? Sart-n I know it. I umph. What's the use to say it.

What are you going to [illegible]

Grim's fingers [illegible] at his whiskers.

"There's always tow-boats. And then when there can't be

When the desk [illegible] the first mate the master of the Salvator remarked to somebody [illegible] Yet he [illegible] have said it in other way.

• • •

SKIPPING the detail of picking up a pilot, Abner let it look like ship was just in Delaware Bay. The next was crowded newspaper-ese. I shoot the piano the moment I [illegible] should get a word [illegible] but he avoided them, in hurry and [illegible] Jack Grimley senior waited for him in his office.

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Confessions of a Woman Spy

(Continued from Double Page.)

wondered secretly if the admiral might unwittingly be chosen to serve on the Court Martial Tribunal. When I entered the court and scanned the faces of the officers who were to try me I found that such was not to be my good fortune.

Within three days of my arrival in Brest Count de Forceville declared his love for me. He did not need to tell me that he was in love with me however, this had become only too apparent to me. It served my purpose, however, to reciprocate his affection because as I have pointed out earlier, to be his fiancee gave me an excellent reason for being at such an important naval base. So I agreed to the engagement. He insisted on introducing me to his parents. I was even taken to see his 90-year-old grandmother and I was introduced as the future Comtesse de Forceville.

Thus did I enter another phase of my exciting career. Here was I, spy and international intriguer, accepted by the French naval officers. Better still, I was engaged to the scion of one of the oldest families of the French nobility and only one step from becoming a countess. With visits to the stately chateau belonging to my fiance's family, to all the luxury of his class and position, I began to have qualms of conscience. Accepted and feted as his fiancee, yet—I was pledged to betray him, and, more important still, the Navy he served.

In which direction did my duty lie? To my employers who relied on me to secure the secrets they needed and for which they were paying me? Or to the man who loved and honored me enough to make me his wife?

As I have already said, I was established in a luxurious suite at the Hotel Continental in Brest, and the Count announced to all his fellow officers that I was to be the Countess de Forceville—an honor I appreciated but which I had really no intention of accepting. It suited my purpose very well, however, to be known as the Count's fiancee, because this served as an excellent cloak to my spying activities.

But Jean, that is the Comte de Forceville, had, as I have already explained, a bosom friend in Rene Guignard, and it was not long before I realized that Rene, too, was in love with me, although in rather a different way. Jean de Forceville was an aristocrat to his finger-tips but Rene Guignard, on the other hand, was quite of a different type. Charming, yes—but a confirmed boulevardier to whom any pretty girl was interesting, but not for such a serious consideration as matrimony. It was not long, therefore, before I had both Jean and Rene making love to me—although quite differently and according to the nature of their intentions. I mention these two particularly, because they stood trial with me; but there was hardly one young officer—or old one for that matter—who did not seek my favors.

Looking back, I often wonder why I was such a success during those hectic weeks—and they were indeed hectic. At first the parties to which I was invited were more or less harmless, but when some of my hosts got to know me better they initiated me into a circle of officers given up to opium smoking. I am sure it will come as something of a surprise when I tell you that many of the officers I met while at Brest smoked opium. How can these men fight, I often wondered, when they spend so many of their hours off duty "hitting the pipe?" I was told that most of the officers acquire the habit when their ships cruise in the Orient.

Night after night I would attend opium parties. Sometimes a bunch of officers would gather at my apartment and smoke pipe after pipe of the poppy-drug. Times out of number they tried to get me to "hit the pipe."

"Try, just one," they would plead. In a weak moment I did agree to try to smoke opium, just to see what it was like. I was immediately ill afterwards. But this drug addiction was a blessing in disguise really, because under the influence of opium a man's bodily and mental resistance is greatly weakened, and if his weakness is pandered to he behaves like a child.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Mystery Woman

by Evelyn Murray Campbell

(Continued from Page 19)

a word of welcome and I'm really fond of the girl. He hesitated. "Truly, I wish you'd tell me something. Were you in Rosemont Avenue this morning?"

Tredwell was taken aback. Why hadn't he forseen this and locked in on Lanning for five minutes? Another missed trick.

But before he could reply Lanning hurried on: "I know you were here. Don't deny it. I saw you coming out of that accursed house."

An unreasonable anger urged Tredwell's reply.

"I have no reason to deny it. And my intention of explaining my actions—"

Lanning's voice was weary, far away.

"We can't talk about this on the phone. I must see you. You'll have to drop the silly idea that someone was badly hurt over there—"

Tredwell spoke too quickly; his nerves on edge.

"It can't be dropped—now."

He heard Lanning gasp. "You mean—"

"The police are looking into it. Yes. They've found out who the man was."

"Was?"

The conversation had gone far enough—too far. Lanning was not diplomatic. He had let it be seen that he wanted the inquiry covered up, hurried, so far as the Rosemont Avenue connection went. He wanted that to be completely erased. Why?

Tredwell stared at his hand holding the black telephone. He discovered that his hand was shaking. He was whispering to himself, a bad sign at any time. Later, he was in his car tearing out to Rosemont Avenue again.

Ray Lanning answered the doorbell himself. He wore a dressing gown and looked as if he hadn't slept for a week.

When they were in the study Tredwell said:

"Sorry we don't look at this thing alike, Ray. I mean the apartment house affair."

The latter made a tired gesture and they sat down and started cigarettes.

"It's just—what's the use of digging up tragedies—spanning them in its wake around us? I lost a woman and a baby this morning."

"Not Mrs. Peters?" Tredwell found himself vaguely concerned, as if Mrs. Peters had been in his charge and he had somehow neglected her.

Lanning nodded. "Both. Couldn't be helped. The woman was strong as a deck hand but—it happened. That's why I said——"

"You turned in a report of her death?"

"Of course."

"Of course. That's why—that fellow was dead, too."

Lanning dropped his burning cigarette on the carpet and walked over to a window. Tredwell again wished for Roland's gift of words and not having it, plunged.

"The fellow I saw was Stanley Orme."

"Are you sure of this?"

"Sure. I've been to see. The manageress has been to see, also. She didn't wait to but they made her. It is the same man."

"Good heaven!"

Lanning touched the curtain and the shade flew up with a ripping sound and clashed. It was not the first time a man has been startled to an oath by a runaway curtain. When the doctor turned around his face was livid.

"What did you say?"

Tredwell repeated deliberately, although sure that once had been enough.

"Orme died in that house across the street. His legs might have carried him a little way, but to all purposes he was dead. He was finished when he got to his own house."

"But this is ridiculous—preposterous. How can you make such a statement? How can you know?"

Lanning had hold of himself now. He returned to his chair, picked up the smoking cigarette and crushed it carefully in a brass tray.

"Why didn't you say this the other night?"

"I didn't know it the other night. I hadn't seen Orme's picture, then."

"Picture?" Relief was in Lanning's voice. "Oh, you're counting on a mere resemblance?"

"More than that, as I told you. There are people who knew about—that he kept those rooms. Somebody always knows. A lot of it is confused but Roland is digging into the mess. He was taken back to his house—very cleverly done—but the pieces don't quite fit. One or two edges lap over. There isn't the slightest sign of a burglar."

The doctor's face was quite blank. He seemed to be gathering his thoughts and losing them again like chaff sifting through his fingers. He chose the impersonal attitude at last.

"But the scandal! Think twice before you start a thing like this." Treadwell eyed the doctor.

"You've known—or suspected right along—that it was Orme, haven't you, Ray?"

The other man passed a handkerchief over his face and after that regained a look of normalcy. To drop his defense was a relief, too.

"You're right. I did suspect that it might be Orme when I saw the rooms. But it was only suspicion because I hadn't seen the man who was hurt. But your description—and those rooms. I'll tell you what I know. I did see him come from there once—and later, I saw his car. It was his hide-out. He never thought anyone would recognize him—in this neighborhood——" His mouth twisted, but not with laughter.

Tredwell nodded. He was feeling pretty badly by this time. His mind had jumped ahead to what was sure to happen. He was veering around to the Lanning point of view, but it was too late for that now. Bill Roland had a hat in his desk and the cops were nosing around, and lies and backstepping wouldn't do any good now.

"Tell me about Orme," he said to Lanning. "All, Ray. Don't cover up anything. I want to hear it from you."

"Quite the amateur sleuth." Lanning's lip lifted and showed what long, ugly teeth he had. It surprised Tredwell; he hadn't known that his friend could look like that. But it was only for a moment and the handsome doctor was handsome again.

"My knowledge isn't equal to Miss Godwin's," he said. "She covered all the ground in her recent article and you read that."

Tredwell made an impatient gesture. If Lanning was going to be difficult—but he wasn't. He spoke and gradually the tenseness in him unfolded and he was himself again.

"The printed stuff is rarely the real man, any more than a crayon drawing. The subject appears as the writer wants him to seem, for better or worse. Ruth Godwin has been Orme's right hand for many years, she knew how to cover imperfections with perfections." He paused. "It's her job. And there was enough truth to make it stick. Well, what do you want to know? Whether or not Orme played around with his friends' wives or bought them away from their husbands?" Suddenly his face quivered and he was silent.

Tredwell took a cigarette to cover the quivering of his lips. This was hurting him, too, but he had to go through with it.

"Suppose he did that," he said. "It will come out now if he did. I only thought you might know something different——"

"How could I know about Orme? He was a stranger to me."

"Through Felicia," Tredwell said calmly.

The name dropped into the space between them and the situation came alive.

"Damn you... I won't have her in this!"

It was relief to make Lanning angry. Anger made him real. Tredwell went over and touched his shoulder.

"Don't be an ass, Ray. I'll do anything to keep Felicia out of this." He remembered the woman in the golden dress; in his heart he was afraid that nothing could keep her out of it. "Remember, I'm an old friend of hers, too," he said. "But you know—once he saw a lot of her and Gebhard. They were friends. And she is here—in this city."

"It's a lie," said Lanning thickly. "There's nothing to connect her with him—nothing. He was Gebhard's friend, not hers. He didn't even care enough to save Gebhard's money for her."

Tredwell thought, perhaps he wanted that money lost. "Ray—" he hesitated. "You've got it all ready... where you went that night... your sick call——"

Lanning's face flushed dark red.

"What the devil do you mean? I've got it in my record of calls."

The doorbell rang and he answered it. That was queer, a doctor answering his own doorbell, wearing a dressing gown and looking as if he hadn't slept for a week. There was a murmur of voices and Tredwell thought he might as well telephone Monica and tell her that he'd be late.

He reached for the instrument and there it was, scrawled on the memo file, unformed writing that said: "Call Oxford 3-7954 at once."

Lanning returned. "You'll have to go, Tredy. I'm leaving at once. A bad case or I wouldn't be bothered. I need sleep like the deuce."

Tredwell said that he was going, and was gone with a casual farewell that betrayed neither man. The visit had given him food for thought, and on the whole it might have done something for Lanning. If nothing more, they were finished with subterfuge.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Intriguing New Specials in September Housewares

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

SEPTEMBER brings Fall entertaining assemblies for the housewife and pantry as well as for the school head. Much room variation or the related organic or connective issues arising, the housewife first thoughts turn to fitting equipment and new devices which will promote ease, efficiency, and to economizing the pantry with improved types of kitchen device gadgets and gardening tools and jewelry articles and those about the home to make it warm and cozy against Winter weather.

Possibly the dining table or the kitchen table are partly in need of a new tablecloth or hot-dish protector. Here is a stitchless permitted material suggested to prevent scars and tears to the finish wood surfaces. The material comes by the yard and may be cut to fit any size table. The top surface is a laminated fabric which may be wiped easily with a damp cloth. On the reverse of the material is a backing of soft sponge rubber in a greying tone. This special rubber sponge backing grips the table firmly but will not stick when placed between two pieces.

The ballroom, or at least in shower-bath curtain is also likely to be looking down-at-the-heel after its heavy service of the summer. Nothing so tones up the entire bathroom as a single gay new curtain. Designers seem to be concentrating on this type of material and its uses, with the result that ready ware curtain patterns are seen and small enough.

An interesting type noted at a recent show was made in two pieces to be snapped together while bathing, but to be ripped back at once with the backs either set in use. A combination material of rayon and cotton was another attractive and pleasing type.

Plastic and white also, and patterns taken from the Chinese or the Directoire periods which are at present so popular, were among those of outstanding note. It may be well to recall that all such curtains can be matched in drapery to cover the bathroom socks and also in bathroom window drapes for the true home unknown.

Often, also, a favorite chair seems on the brink of breaking down in the seat, but this sad plight may be remedied and the seat quickly restored by using a special webbing procured in webbing store. These delectable seats are highly classed or lacquered, and the edges bound in colored tape.

The carpet sweeper is an old reliable friend which is just as useful today as ever, for rapidly removing crumbs, lint, thrums, etc. from rugs. A new model has now been developed with the days' style trends for easy sweeping under low furniture, and has a wider dustpan for greater dust capacity. Also this model has rubber bumpers for protection against scratching or marring furniture.

When cleaning silver, use a felt pad over the pieces as you work. This not eliminates the need for polishing powders and prevents general tarnishing.

There has been recently brought on the market a sensible electric device for the kitchen which is ideal for the cook for purposes of agreeable ease. Each invention as a plate warmer and carving grill will be a boon to households in which there are frequently late-comers to meals.

With orange and other fruit juices and cocktails such a standard idea of the menu, there is always interest in any new model of a fruit-juice extractor. One of the newest is a device which with one press forcefully gets all the juice of oranges, grapefruit, lemons and also of pineapple.

Another housewarer item above the more general lines is a food mill. This practical labor-saving device consists of a wire sieve in which is fitted a handled rotary blade which, when turned around clockwise, will press out all the juice and soft pulp of tomatoes, grapes, apples, etc. Invaluable around canning and preserving time, and all Winter when stewed fruits are so enjoyed. Press the food mill against ripe raw tomatoes, too, and squeeze your own tomato juice cocktail. Made of heavy re-tinned ware, permitting heavy duty.

A glass coffee-pot? Yes, indeed, something every housewife has always longed for. This particular glass coffee-pot is straight-sided, made of heavy heat-resistant glassware, in top of which is fitted a percolator unit. The pot is made to set direct over the open flame of the gas range. As it perks, you see the liquid swirling around inside.

Kitchen cutlery which cuts like magic, and whose stainless steel blades do not discolor under fruit acids or other food chemistry, is now being offered to the woman who takes pride in having only the best kitchen tools. These particular blades hold their edge well. The design of the handles is stream-lined, and the material is hard rubber molded over cotton fabric. This provides a seamless non-dust-catching grip.

Cooking pots which look like pottery are the latest thing in kitchen range outfits. These utensils appear to be Old English pottery, due to their sealed rims and handles. But, nevertheless, they are made of fine durable enamel in striking color combinations. The covers are equipped with knobs that have a high resistance to heat. The rounded edges are water-tight and thus leave no hard-to-clean crevices. The sides of each utensil are straight—which means a non-tilting, non-tipping pot; and their flat bottoms mean speed and economy in cooking.

Another added and helpful feature is a graduated measuring table, with the cups and pints of the contents permanently stamped on the inside of the utensils. No longer any doubt about "How many cups will this pot hold?" Kettles, coffee-pots and roasting pans are likewise made in this agreeable nesting ware.

A new breakfast or supper set is another suggestion by means of which to spruce up the service—what too familiar china shelves. One of the most stylish decorating trends seen at another important housewares style show is the use of contrasting vivid tones in dishes. Thus, one may use a red cereal bowl on an ivory-toned plate; or serve coffee in a green pot with a service of yellow plates, cups and saucers. Blue for the salad plates and old rose for the dessert service is another unusual but very charming variation from having every piece of one's china exactly the same pattern and color. These sets provide additional units, such as nests of bowls, compartment plates, salt and pepper shakers, etc. The pieces may be bought and matched up separately, as one chooses.

For those who wish to add a new decorative note to a small bath, or in a girl's dressing room, the recent compact vanity tables should be of interest. These make-up furniture units consist of a small table, a boxed cabinet section, and a concealed clothes hamper. Of course each boasts a good mirror which is on the underside of the hinged dressing top. The lower part of the vanity table is fitted with two shelves for storing cosmetics, towels, etc. In the other section is the concealed hamper of waterproof fibre board which may be lifted forward to receive the clothes.

The finish of these useful and pretty tables is an enamel in a pearly hue, in such colors as jonquil yellow, rose pink, etc. The surface is chip-proof and not affected by alcohol and similar fluids.

To visit a housewares show is as good as a trip abroad. Indeed, it is a marvel of modern wonders, in its way no less impressive than ruined cloisters or towering mountains. Such a show keeps the housewife in touch with the rapid developments of technical science—a science which puts comfort, convenience and beauty into every room of the house.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Mixed Fruit Juice.	Sliced Oranges.	Apple Sauce.	Grapes.	Grapefruit.	Prunes with Orange Juice.	Canned Figs.
Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.
Whipped Cream.	Poached Egg.	Canadian Bacon or Frizzled Dried Beef.	Scrambled Eggs.	Tiny Sausage Cakes.	Fluffy Omelet.	Cheese Toast.
Toast.	Toasted Muffins.	Muffins.	Melba Toast and Blueberry Muffins.	Graham Popovers.	Buttered Muffins.	Melba Toast.
Beverage.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Marmalade.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	Coffee.
Rice Croquettes with Cheese Sauce.	Welsh Rarebit.	Green Corn Pancakes. Coffee.	Cream of Corn Soup. Crackers.	Cold Kidney Pie (Canadian Style).	Stuffed Liver Rolls.	*Dinner*
Raw Cauliflower Salad.	Hot Tomato Juice.	*Luncheon*	Baked-Stuffed Frankfurters.	Celery and Tomato Salad.	Noodles. Baked Tomatoes.	Crown of Lamb.
Chives Dressing.	Rolls. Creamed Rice Pudding with Apricots.	Spaghetti with Liver Patties.	Cheese Baking Powder Biscuit.	Salad Dressing.	Endive Salad.	Garnish of Vegetables.
Baked Apples with Raisins and Nuts.	Milk.	French Bread.	Tomato Salad.	Chocolate Truffle.	Savory Dressing.	Mint Jelly.
Hot or Iced Tea.	*Dinner*	Baked Pears with Ginger.	Snow-Whirl Chocolate Roll.	*Dinner*	Devil's Food Cup Cakes.	Hurst Beach Salad.
Dinner	Stuffed Beef Heart or Tripe in Casserole.	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	Tropical Cocktail.	*Dinner*	Coffee Soufflé.
Tomato Bouillon.	Baked Potatoes.	Sea Dream Cocktail.	Veal Cutlets (German Style).	Stuffed Turbans of Fish.	Baked Smoked Pork Tenderloin or Barbecued Salt Pork.	Ice Box Wafers.
Broiled Beef Rib or Baked Ham Slice.	Diced Carrots and Green Peas.	Boston Roast.	Fried Eggplant.	Lemon Cups.	Sweet Potatoes with Pineapple.	Half Cups Coffee.
Baked Macaroni.	Grated Raw Turnip Salad with Horseradish Dressing.	Steamed Spinach with Eggs.	Baked Carrots.	French Fried Potatoes.	Steamed Spinach with Lemon.	*Supper*
Baked Okra.	Gingerbread Waffles with Lemon Sauce.	Mixed Green Salad.	Green Bouquet Salad (Cress, Lettuce, Romaine, etc.).	Buttered Green Peas.	"Surprise" Layer Cake Salad."	Toasted Tomato Sandwiches.
Asparagus Salad.		Tomato Juice Cocktail.	Apple Pie with Cheese Pastry.	Cucumber Salad.	Canned Raspberry Blancmange.	Old Fashioned Squash Pie.
Chiffonade Salad Dressing.		Frozen Bread Pudding.		French Dressing.		Spread with Honey and Whipped Cream.
Meringues with Fruit and Whipped Cream.				Pineapple or Mixed Fruit Sherbet.		
				Lemon Cookies.		

Tested Recipes

Fruit Mint Julep.

BOIL 1 cup water and ¾ cup sugar 5-10 minutes. Crush 5 or 6 sprigs of mint and pour over them 1 cup boiling water. Let the mint and water stand 5 minutes, strain, and add the sugar syrup. To the mixture add the juice of 3 lemons, 1 cup strawberry juice and ½ cup raspberry juice. Serve with crushed ice.

Economy Punch.

TO 2 quarts water add 1 tablespoon tea, 3 cups sliced, the grated rind of 2 lemons and 3 oranges and ½ cups sugar. Boil 5 or 10 minutes, strain and chill. Add juice of 3 oranges and 6 lemons. Pour into punch bowl or orange water-cups. Dilute with ice water and garnish as desired. This will serve 40 or 50 guests.

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Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

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Schoolday Sandwiches and Goodies

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Club Sandwiches.

PREPARE toast. Butter as usual. Place a crisp lettuce leaf on a slice of toast, sprinkle lightly with salad dressing, add thinly sliced cold chicken, a little dressing, crisp broiled bacon, sliced tomato, crisp lettuce and a little more dressing. Finish with a second slice of toast. Cut the sandwich from corner to corner, making two triangular sandwiches. Serve immediately with a garnish of celery curls, crisp parsley or tiny heart lettuce leaves.

Hot Bacon Sandwiches.

BROIL or bake bacon in oven until crisp draining off fat several times. Spread thinly sliced graham bread with creamed butter, then spread lightly with well seasoned salad dressing and a little chopped ripe tomato, sprinkle with salt and paprika, add the cooked bacon, cover with buttered bread and serve immediately.

Welsh Rabbit Sandwich.

SPREAD thinly sliced bread with creamed butter. Fill with cold well seasoned Welsh rabbit (made with milk) and crisp heart lettuce leaves, sprinkled with well seasoned French dressing.

Celery Sandwiches.

FINELY chop crisp celery. Mix with well seasoned salad dressing. Spread thinly sliced bread with creamed butter. Put together with the celery.

Egg Sandwiches.

FINELY chop the whites of hard-cooked eggs. Press the hard-cooked yolks through potato ricer or fruit press. Mix yolks and whites, season to taste with salt and paprika and moisten with mayonnaise or cream salad dressing. Spread mixture between thin slices of buttered graham bread.

Sardine Sandwiches.

REMOVE skin and bones from sardines and mash to a paste. Add an equal quantity of hard-cooked eggs pressed through a fruit press or potato ricer. Season to taste with salt, paprika and a few drops lemon juice. Moisten with a little salad dressing. Spread between thin slices of buttered graham bread.

Ham Sandwiches.

FINELY chop cold boiled ham. Moisten with a little well seasoned Tartare sauce. Spread between thin slices of buttered graham bread.

Chicken Sandwiches.

FINELY chop cold boiled chicken. Moisten with a little well seasoned mayonnaise or cream salad dressing. Spread between thin slices of buttered graham bread.

Toasted Sandwiches.

FINELY chop any cold cooked meat. Moisten with salad dressing and season to taste with salt and paprika. Spread between slices of buttered bread, press together in pairs and toast on each side. Serve immediately.

Ginger Sandwiches.

MIX ½ cup finely chopped dates, ½ cup broken walnut meats and ¼ cup chopped preserved ginger and moisten with a little lemon juice or ginger syrup. Lightly spread graham bread with creamed butter and then cover portion with the date and ginger mixture.

Peanut Butter and Raisin Sandwiches.

ALLOW equal quantities of peanut butter and raisins. Press the raisins through meat grinder. Add to the peanut butter and a little creamed butter. Mix well and spread between thin slices of graham bread.

Nut Bread Sandwiches.

MAKE nut bread according to directions previously given on this page. Let stand overnight. Slice as thinly as possible. Spread lightly with creamed butter and put slices together with orange or amber marmalade.

Hermits.

CREAM ½ cup butter, add ⅔ cup sugar gradually, then ½ cup chopped raisins, 1 well beaten egg and 2 tablespoons milk. Mix and sift 1¾ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, a few grains salt, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon cloves, ¼ teaspoon mace and one-sixth teaspoon nutmeg. Add to first mixture. Roll out on lightly floured board, shape with a biscuit or cookie cutter and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 375 deg.

Soft Molasses Cookies.

ADD 1¼ teaspoons soda to 1 cup molasses and beat well. Add 1 cup sour milk, ½ cup melted butter, 2 teaspoons ginger, 1 teaspoon salt and sifted flour to make of right consistency to drop easily from spoon. Chill in refrigerator for several hours. Toss about ½ of the mixture on slightly floured board and roll lightly to about ¼ inch thickness. Shape with a round cutter, place on a greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 deg.

Lemon Wafers.

CREAM 1 cup shortening, add 2 cups sifted sugar and beat well. Beat in 3 beaten eggs and 3 tablespoons lemon juice. Stir in enough flour to make a dough that can be rolled. Roll thin, shape with a round cutter and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 deg., 10 to 15 minutes.

Kumiss (By Request).

HEAT 1 quart milk to 75 deg., add 1½ tablespoons sugar and ¼ yeast cake dissolved in a little lukewarm water. Fill sterilized bottles to within 1½ inches of top, cork tightly and shake well. Corks are frequently tied on bottles. Invert the bottles and place where they can be kept at an even temperature of 70 deg., for 10 hours. Place in the refrigerator inverted and let stand 24 hours, shaking several times to mix cream in milk.

Blueberry Betty.

TWO cups small bread cubes, ¼ cup butter, melted, 4 cups fresh blueberries (blackberries or loganberries will do also); ½ cup brown sugar, salt, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ¼ cup fine bread crumbs. Whipping cream, ice cream or 1 cup hard sauce. Combine bread cubes and melted butter and arrange a layer in bottom of shallow baking dish. Cover with layer of fruit. Sprinkle with half of the sugar, salt and lemon juice. Repeat layers having top a thin layer of finest crumbs. Cover and bake in moderate oven, or about 325 degrees, about 40 minutes. Uncover the last 15 minutes of baking to brown. Serve with whipped cream or vanilla cream. Serves 6.

Chives Baking Powder Biscuits (By Request).

MIX and sift 1 quart sifted flour, 2 teaspoons salt, and 3 or 4 teaspoons baking powder. Work in 6 tablespoons butter. Add 4 tablespoons minced chives. Add 1½ cups milk gradually, mixing just enough to make a soft dough. Toss out on lightly floured board. Pat and roll out about ½ inch thick. Shape with a round biscuit cutter. Bake on greased baking sheet in a hot oven, or at about 450 deg., about 15 minutes.

Lemonade.

BOIL 1 cup sugar with 1 pint water for 5 or 10 minutes. Chill. Add 1-3 cup lemon juice. Measure and add ice water to make 5 cups.

Orangeade.

BOIL 2 cups water with ½ cup sugar. Chill. Add 1 quart orange juice. Serve with crushed ice.

Fruit Punch.

BOIL 3 cups sugar with 3 cups water for 5 or 10 minutes. Chill. Add the juice of 3 lemons, 3 oranges, the strained pulp of 3 ripe peaches, 1 banana pressed through sieve and ½ cup pineapple juice. Let stand in icebox or refrigerator several hours to ripen. Dilute with ice water or crushed ice.

Fruit Sherbet.

MIX the juice of 3 oranges, juice of 3 lemons, the sifted pulp of 3 bananas, 2 cups sugar, 5 cups rich milk and 1 cup cream. Freeze as usual.

Grapefruit Punch.

BOIL 1¼ cups sugar and 1 quart water for 10 minutes. Chill. Add 2 cups grapefruit juice, the juice of 1 lemon, 1 cup grapefruit pulp, and ½ cup finely chopped Maraschino or green cherries. Chill in refrigerator. Serve with crushed ice. This will serve 15 guests.

Peach Sherbet.

SELECT soft ripe sweet peaches. To 1 quart sifted peach pulp (pressed through coarse sieve or potato ricer) add 1½ cups orange juice, ½ cup lemon juice, 1½ cups sugar, 1 cup water and 2 unbeaten egg whites. Freeze as usual.

Creamed Ham (By Request).

MELT 3 tablespoons butter. Add 4½ tablespoons flour and blend well. Add a few grains pepper and 3 cups milk and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Add 3 cups ground cooked ham and, if desired, ½ cup finely chopped green pepper. Cook gently for 10 minutes. Season to taste with salt. Serve hot on plain or corn waffles.

Old-Fashioned Cherry Pudding (By Request).

CREAM ½ cup butter and add 1 cup sugar and beat until creamy. Beat in 2 eggs. Mix and sift 2½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt and 4 teaspoons baking powder. Add to the first mixture alternately with 1 cup milk. Stone and drain 2 cups cherries (reserve the juice for sauce, etc.). Stir the cherries into the dough. Turn into greased individual molds and steam for 1 hour. Serve with cherry sauce.

Butterscotch Brownies (By Request).

MIX and sift ½ cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon baking powder. Melt ¼ cup butter and add 1 cup brown sugar, 1 unbeaten egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla and ½ cup broken nut meats. Add the sifted dry ingredients. Spread in a well buttered pan and bake about ½ hour in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees.

These goodies are particularly popular amongst school children this season.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3518.—IT'S FETCHING, IT'S NEW—THIS CLEVER SHIRTFROCK AND JUST THE THING FOR EVERY INFORMAL OCCASION! Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch fabric.

Pattern 3519.—CHOOSE LUSCIOUS SATIN, SOFT FULL SURFACE CREPE OR SYNTHETIC FOR THIS CHARMING DRESSY FROCK WITH ITS DAINTY TOUCHES. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3520.—FOR REAL FLATTERY, THIS SLIMMING MORNING FROCK HAS NO PEER! YOU'LL LOOK YOUR BEST IF YOU MAKE IT IN GAY PERCALE. Designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3446.—PERFECTION FOR YOUR FALL WARDROBE LIES IN THIS COMFY WRAP-SLIP WITH ITS SHADOW-PROOFING AND BUILT-UP SHOULDERS. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3521.—DAINTY, EASILY MADE LACE SQUARES COMBINE TO FORM AN EXQUISITE TABLECLOTH, BEDSPREAD OR SCARF! Pattern 3521 contains directions and charts for making the squares shown, illustrations of them and of all stitches used; material requirements.

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